

THE

MAGAZINE

Elks



THE FEAST
ON MOUNT OLYMPUS

MURAL PANEL by EUGENE SAVAGE
ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL BUILDING

FEBRUARY 1943

20 CENTS PER COPY



What did *you* do today ... for Freedom?

Today, at the front, he died . . . Today, what did *you* do?
Next time you see a list of dead and wounded, ask yourself:

“What have *I* done today for freedom?

What can I do tomorrow that will *save* the lives of
men like this and help them win the war?”

To help you to do your share, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as a part of local Defense Councils, with some war task or responsibility for every man, woman and child. Probably such a Corps is already at work in your community. If not, help to start one. A free booklet available through this magazine will tell you what to do and how to do it. Go into action today, and get the satisfaction of doing a needed war job well!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

OFFICE OF THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

Hello Americans!

DIAMOND JUBILEE: Elsewhere in this issue of *The Elks Magazine* you will read an interesting review of the origin and the seventy-five years of ever-expanding public service and influence of our Order. Its scholarly author writes from an intimate and sympathetic acquaintance with the subject. What a reckonable force we have become in the life of the American people: humane, social, civic and patriotic!

The Order of Elks came upon the scene of American action in 1868, soon after the close of the war between the States. Wounds inflicted by that great conflict of brother against brother were still unhealed. Lucius Lamar, a distinguished Southern scholar, statesman and orator and a veteran of the Confederate Army who had had a gallant part in that war of ideas, later as a member of Congress became distinguished for the part he played in effecting conciliation between the South and the North. It was as a Congressman from Mississippi in 1874, speaking in eulogy of Charles Sumner, a former Senator from Massachusetts, that he besought both parties "to grow toward each other once more in heart, as we are indissolubly linked to each other in fortune. Shall we not lay aside the concealments which perpetuate misunderstanding and distrust and frankly confess that on both sides we must earnestly desire to be one in feeling and in heart? Would that the Illustrious Dead whom we honor today could speak to both parties in tones which should reach every heart throughout this broad territory: 'My countrymen, know one another, and you will love one another'".

The Order of Elks was but six years old when Lamar made that eloquent appeal to his countrymen. The Order was only in the budding; but it had within itself the great principle of national union of all American hearts that Lamar would invoke could the eloquent lips of the "Illustrious Dead" but speak. Better than the Illustrious Dead, there was a sturdy, even though obscure, band of living men that had already organized themselves to effect that very end.

A distinguished member of our Order, a son of the Confederacy, years ago on the floor of the Grand Lodge said, "If such an organization as the Elks had existed before the Civil War, that conflict would never have taken place." Would that Lamar could have lived until this Diamond Jubilee Year of our Order to review its contributions to the full achievement of his great patriotic hope! The Order of Elks, nothing less than any other group of Americans, gathered up the glories won by each section in that great conflict and taught their countrymen to "regard them as a common heritage of American valor" even as Lamar and Sumner would have had it.

THE VISION OF VIVIAN: Charles Vivian and his co-founders of our Order by their early travels across the vast and, as it was in those days, sparsely settled territory of our country, traveling folk for the most part moving constantly to and fro between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and across plains, and over mountain ranges that lay between, were like the shuttle of the loom, interweaving threads of brotherly love and of mutual understanding into the fabric of an evolving nation. They were indeed the shuttle intertwining the woof of fraternalism with the warp of varying and conflicting elements of race, section and religion, and binding them into one stout, national fabric. This national fabric then in the making was to present to history a new and harmonious pattern of national unity and of

international justice. Lincoln built a railroad to unite the Nation. Charles Vivian and his associates built a brotherhood to unite the hearts of its people.

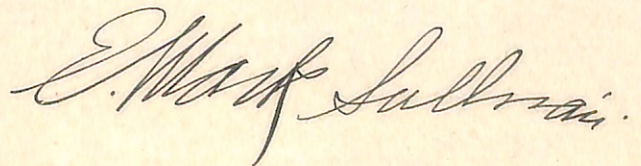
DISTINCTIVELY AMERICAN: The Order of Elks is distinctively American both by inclusion and by exclusion. By exclusion it foregoes all affiliations with foreign fraternities. By inclusion its all-embracing circle is open to receive any American citizen, either native-born or naturalized, provided he is of good character and professes belief in the fundamental principle of American democracy—a firm belief in God. Sectarian differences and national origins of men and their social status are things apart from prescribed qualifications to admission to this great American Order. The article, "The Order's Diamond Jubilee", tells us in this issue of the numerous and varied humane and patriotic activities of our Order, its subordinate lodges and State Associations. To know your Order better is to love it the more. How apt is the slogan, "America needs Elksdom." To adopt the lines of Byron, we may say we found it
..... in a green old age,
And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady
Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees
Fell fast around (it)."

RIGHT OF PERPETUITY: The Order of Elks is a living body with the legal right of perpetuity. It possesses both physical and moral unity and perpetuates itself by the quality and quantity of new men it assimilates unto itself. "Not by bread alone" does our Order live. Its continuous life and growing strength is constantly renewed by the moral and social elements of its new members, and their will and genius to co-operate and coordinate their efforts for good.

The *Diamond Jubilee Class* of new candidates that the subordinate lodges will initiate within the next few weeks will fill the broken ranks on our *home front* made by the 45,000 younger members of the Order now serving on the *fighting front* for American liberty and human rights.

ELKS ON THE BATTLE LINE: Our hearts and thoughts are ever with you lads fighting for American liberty and human rights on four continents and the seven seas. Your mothers, wives and children, all in fact who are dear to you, are the objects of our constant solicitude. The rationing of food, clothing and fuel that we on the home front are required to make are but trifling sacrifices that we may give to you brave lads ample supplies of subsistence and tools of war. There is a cheerful pattern of national thought among your Brothers at home that makes every sacrifice a joy when undertaken for your support. May a kind Providence ever sustain and inspire you.

Sincerely and fraternally,



GRAND EXALTED RULER

FEBRUARY 1943

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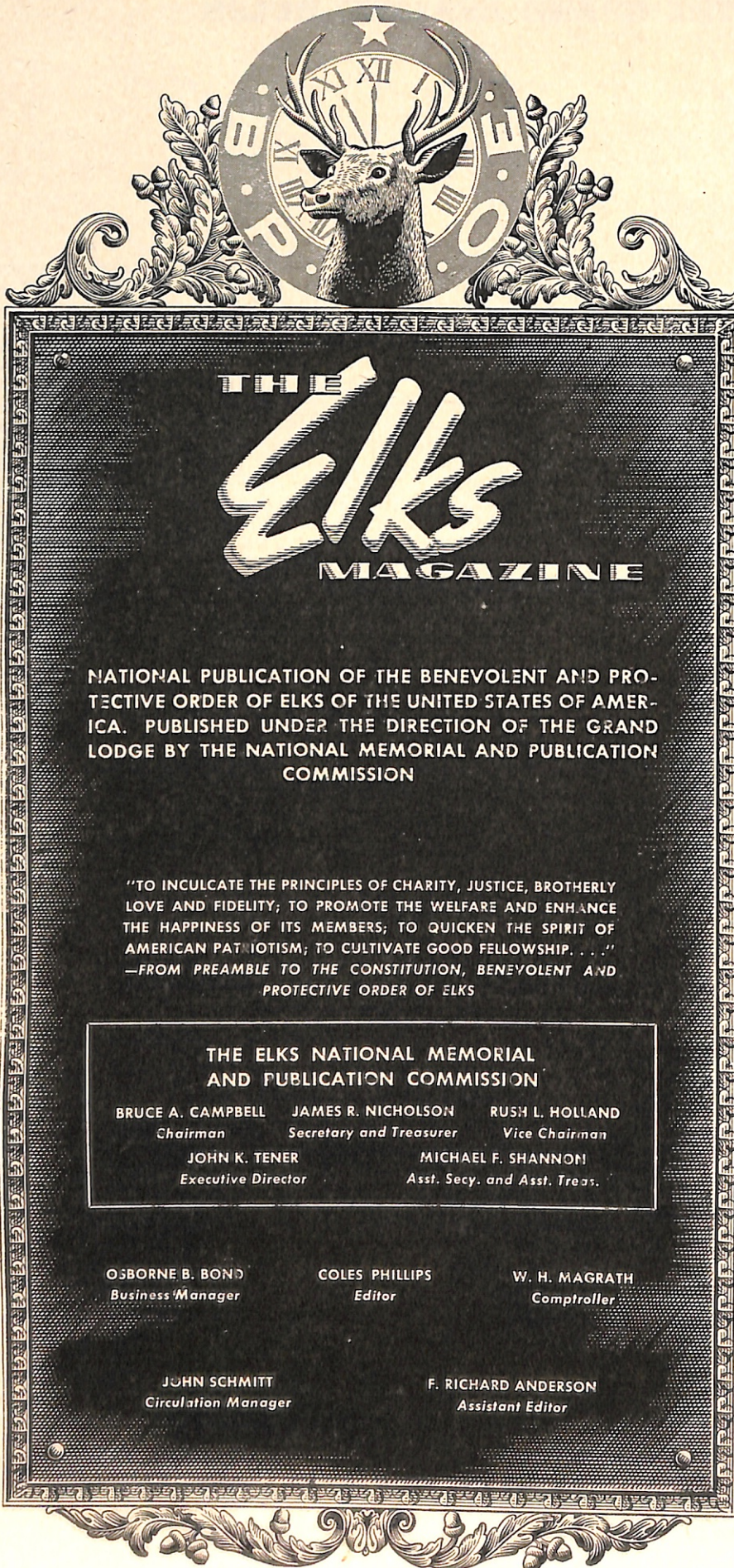
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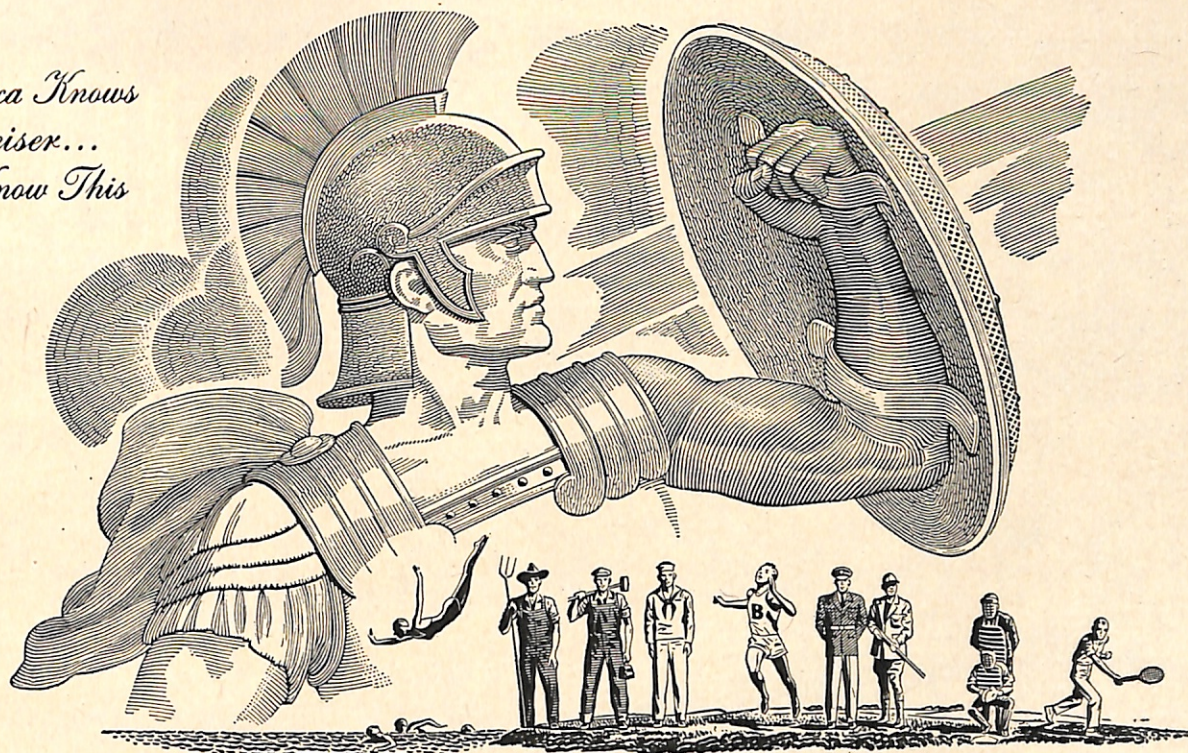
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*All America Knows
Budweiser...
but Few Know This*



TO GUARD YOUR WELL-BEING..

You owe it to yourself and to your country to keep well. Vitamins are an important part of the nation's health program. Did you know that Anheuser-Busch is one of the world's largest sources of natural B Complex Vitamins for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products? That it produces yeast vitamin concentrates for civilian and military hospitals?

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentology and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

VITAMIN D—Formerly America depended upon Norway and Japan for fish oils rich in Vitamin D. Today we produce from yeast enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

VITAMINS FOR LIVESTOCK—Anheuser-Busch is the biggest supplier of yeast vitamins to fortify animal feeds, thus improving the quality and propagation of cattle and poultry.

CANDIES—Corn syrup is an essential candy ingredient. Our Corn Products Division, an industry in itself, produces annually many millions of pounds of highest quality corn syrup, rich in food and energy value.

SYRUPS—(for food—for medicine)—In addition to fine table and confectionery syrups, Anheuser-Busch produces special syrups used as a basis for medicines.

STARCH—Thousands of food industries all over America choose Anheuser-Busch pure food corn starch for their products—millions of pounds each year. We also supply starch to the textile, paper and many other industries.

FRESHER FOODS—Retailers of frozen foods and ice cream the country over have equipment manufactured until recently by our Refrigeration Division. Today, however, this division is working all out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our armed forces.

BREAD—Anheuser-Busch is one of America's biggest suppliers of baker's standard and enriched yeasts and malt syrup to make bread.

DIESEL ENGINES—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.



Budweiser

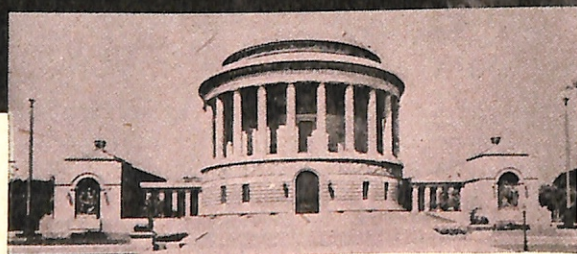
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The ORDER'S



In 1898 the Memorial Service held by Denver, Colorado, Lodge made the quaint photograph above. The magnificent Elks Memorial Building in Chicago is shown at left.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago one of the greatest fraternal orders in history began its career. On February 16, 1868, a small group of theatrical people joined together in New York City to found a fraternal organization that has no prototype—the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Ours is purely an American Order. Its every instinct is American. Its principles are symbolic of our people. *Charity* is characteristically American; it was here in America that it found its first true expression. *Justice* is one of the birthmarks of our people. We were born in travail for Justice. *Brotherly Love* is a potent influence in the formation of those sentiments that should and must obtain among a free people. *Fidelity* is the essence of America and is the spirit of the Order.

We are a patriotic Order. With us, patriotism is a positive principle, declared in our rituals and manifest in our activities.

So—let us be proud to celebrate our origin. In this year of 1943, let each and every one of us underscore upon his calendar February 16th—the day of our Diamond Jubilee. In our lodges throughout the United States and its Territories, let us observe this seventy-fifth birthday as an occasion to pause for recollections, to trace briefly the beginnings of our Order, to review the story of its humanitarian endeavors—a record as radiant and clear as the gleaming gem that symbolizes the event.

Birthdays are great days, and sentiment usually prompts their celebration. But on this particular anniversary, our sentiment will

transcend mere outward observance, notable though that observance may be. In ordinary times, wistfully dwelling on the past, romantically recalling the memories and traditions of three-quarters of a century would alone justify commemorating the birth of our Order. In the present troubled era, such reminiscence must serve also as an inspiration for coming tasks.

THE story of our former achievements must strengthen our belief that to practice Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity is the greatest thing in life; it must provoke anew a consciousness of the true meaning of patriotic and fraternal service. By recounting yesterday's beneficent deeds, the record must point out the path to be followed today and tomorrow. Let us all say to ourselves, on the eve of the Diamond Jubilee, "Here is what we have done." Then let us ask ourselves, "What more can we do for our Order?" Our thoughts will drift back into the past, yes; but to the end that we may be spurred on to even greater enthusiasm and diligence in the future.

Many, many centuries ago Cicero said, "In nothing do men more nearly approach the gods than in doing good to their fellow-men." Those words aptly characterize our Fraternity, which exerts on the life of America an influence for good that cannot be stressed too strongly. From the very beginning, through the generations that have lived and died, our banner might well have

DIAMOND JUBILEE



had the words "Doing good" emblazoned in golden letters upon its royal purple.

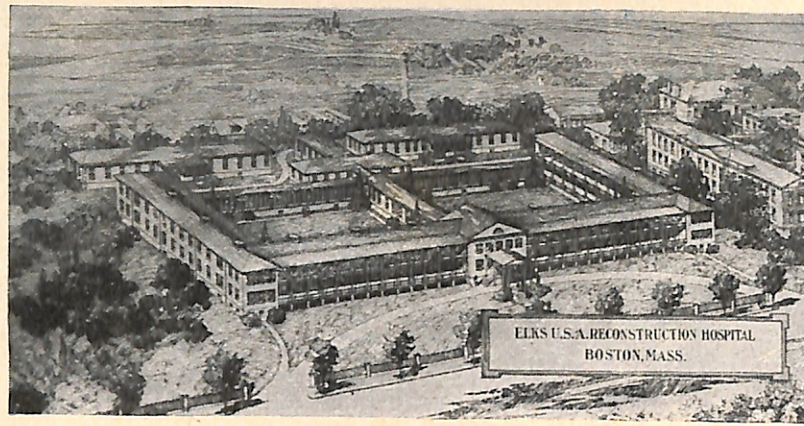
THE Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks succeeded a little group of congenial friends known as the "Jolly Corks". This original association was at first purely social in character, but the convivial aspect as such did not long survive. From that day in 1868 when the name "Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks" was chosen, the purpose of the organization, although remaining partially social, became primarily benevolent.

The little band of "Jolly Corks" was headed

by Charles Vivian, born on October 22, 1842, son of a Church of England clergyman. Young Vivian's fine voice and natural dramatic ability led him to try his luck in the theatre, and he played important roles on the London stage before coming to the United States in November, 1867. Homage was paid to our Order and to Charles Vivian on October 22, 1942, the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, by Alex-

Below are the original "Jolly Corks" as they were photographed in 1868. Charles Vivian, the founder of the Order, is seated fourth from the left.





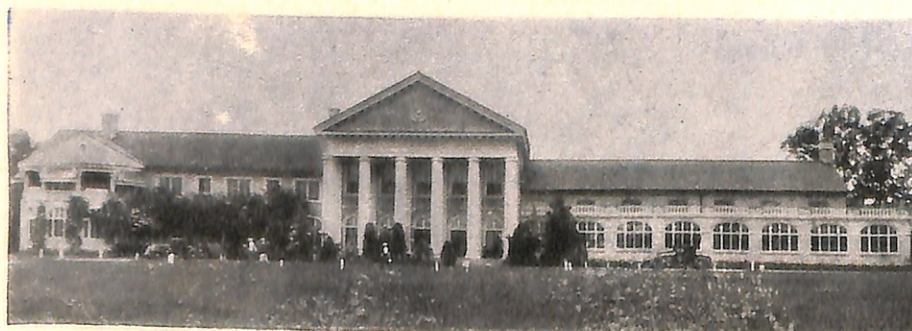
Above is the Elks U.S.A. Reconstruction Hospital erected in Boston, the first such hospital constructed in this country. Framing all these pages are pictured the beautiful and unique columns in the Memorial Building

ander McQueen, speaking over radio station WGN in Chicago. One evening soon after Vivian's arrival in New York, according to Mr. McQueen, the Englishman strolled into a restaurant where stage people often dropped in to sing or act just for the fun of it. A sort of modern night club—without remuneration for the entertainers. Just as Vivian walked through the door, someone called for a song. In his pleasing baritone voice, Vivian sang a couple of songs and made an immediate hit. On the strength of this performance, he was hired by the manager of a nearby theatre to sing for fifty dollars a week—a sum not to be laughed at in those days.

This talented singer and actor soon gathered about him a circle of congenial friends, who, as the "Jolly Corks", held regular meetings. In a short time, they decided to form a brotherhood founded upon a more enduring basis than mere conviviality. One of the first considerations was the selection of a title more dignified and better suited to the larger purposes now aimed at by the organization. The name "Elks" was eventually selected. The little group of friends, through careful investigation into the nature and habits of the American elk, learned that they had chosen better than they knew, for they found that the elk was distinguished by fleetness of foot,

combined with timidity at wrongdoing. They discovered, too, that this noble animal avoided all combat except in the defense of the young, the helpless and the weak. Vivian, because once in London he had heard Charles Dickens address a show-people's organization using the words "Benevolent and Provident" as the title of the speech, suggested the adjectives "Benevolent and Protective". Thus, in the first Constitution, adopted in 1868, the full name of the new organization was listed as "The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks".

Charles Vivian, besides being one of the signers of this Constitution, was listed in that document as the Right Honorable Primo, or presiding officer. Shortly after regular sessions had been inaugurated, professional engagements called him to Philadelphia. From there he toured the United States from coast to coast. In every community where he appeared, his wit, intelligence and geniality gained him a legion of warmly attached friends. While playing in Leadville, Colorado, in 1880, Vivian contracted a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia and caused his death. Nine years later, Boston Lodge of Elks took charge of having Vivian's remains removed from Leadville for interment in the Elks Rest of Mount Hope Cemetery in Boston. The grave was then *(Continued on page 37)*



Above is the main building of the Elks National Home in Bedford, Virginia. The Home is one of our Order's proudest achievements.

Edmund Gilligan's new novel is "The Gaunt Woman", published by Scribners.

**Mr. Hansen points the way
to the better books for your
edification**

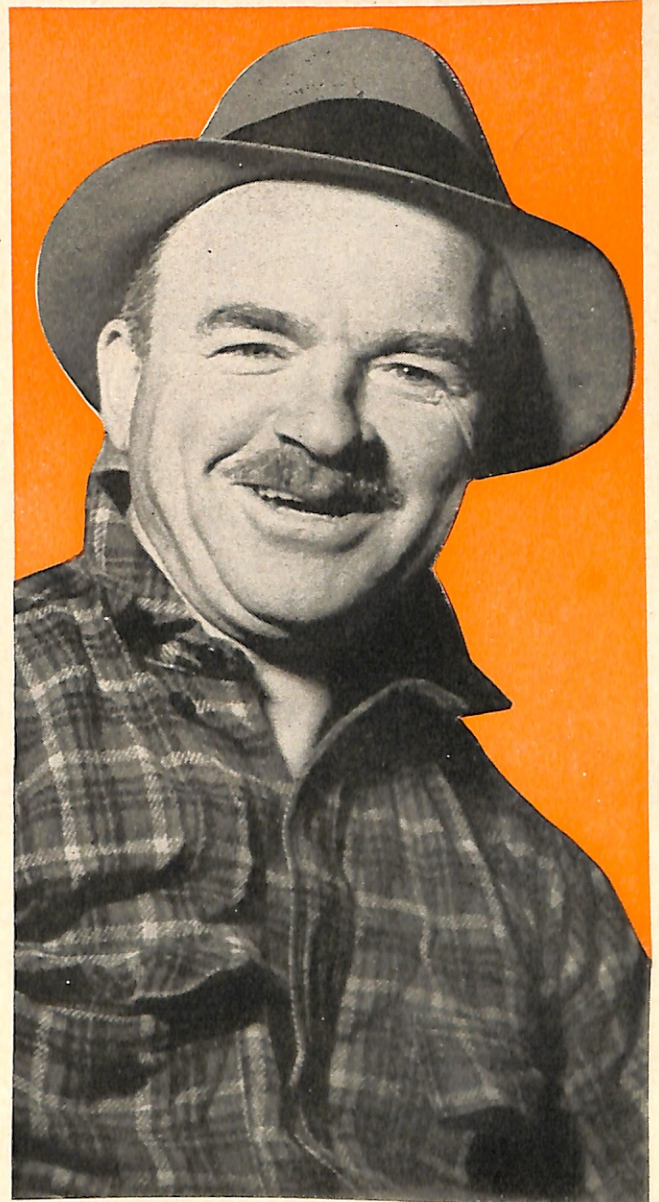


Photo by Arthur Griffin

What America is reading



**By
Harry
Hansen**

THERE are a great many men in the South Sea Islands who are more ferocious than headhunters—the Japanese, for instance. Indeed, on the evidence of Caroline Mytinger, a California artist, the headhunters are becoming a bit prissy. She caught them primping before bits of broken mirrors, twisting their hair into all sorts of shapes and dyeing it gay colors. Her report has a timely title, "Headhunting in the Solomon Islands Around the Coral Sea", but the headhunting refers to portrait painting. With her "handyman", Margaret Warner, Miss Mytinger, who now lives in Burlingame, Calif., though she has studied in New

York City, Colorado Springs and Gloucester, Mass., traveled to the Solomons and New Guinea, finding some interesting adventures in Guadalcanal and Rabaul, places now in the news. She wanted to paint "primitive Negroids and Mongoloids", and went to no end of pains to get the natives to pose, giving them trinkets, arguing and pleading with them, and learning a lot about native ways on the side.

The tour was by no means congenial and comfortable. The privacy of the Far Eastern frontier is practically nil. There were swarms of mosquitos and copra bugs; both women acquired malaria and thirty-five of Miss Mytinger's native models died of measles. She believed that people went to these tropical isles "to relax, to be beautifully aimless and amount to nothing", to lie lazily under a tree with open mouth and let the vitamins drop in. But apparently nature demands certain compensations; you don't get anything for nothing anywhere.

In this good-natured story of mishaps and original experiences, Miss Mytinger manages to tell a great

deal about the ways of the blacks. The women were usually slaves—beasts of burden—and the man piled their backs with all the weight they could bear. While they plodded along with knees bent, their master walked on ahead, smiling. But before and during childbirth they were carefully protected and in some ways whites had no greater advantages. The lack of proper medicines and medical care is the worst of it; there are not enough doctors to go around and the natives are suspicious of their practices.

If eastern ways were interesting, eastern food was even more so. All her life Miss Mytinger had enjoyed shredded coconut, and here was a chance to eat it right off the tree. When she tackled some raw coconut, "potentially shredded for cake", it was "like taking a chunk out of a piece of wood". The taste was like wood, too, "with not so much flavor as a civilized toothpick". When she drank the fluid from the nut, it tasted "like something that runs off your hair when you are washing it". Later on her host served her a fine

(Continued on page 50)



BEING in the States again was fantastic. Time had moved too fast. One minute—or so it seemed—I was on the other side of the world; the next, I was in Washington. And now, perversely, time dragged.

But at last the ceremonies came to an end. I found my dad, as shabby as ever, on the fringe of the crowd. Thursday his weekly newspaper would publish an account of the celebration here in Washington, complete with a list of the men who had received medals. My name would appear at the tail end of the list and there'd be no mention of the fact that I was his son. I would be just Lieutenant William Henry Nash.

"Oscar's down the street," my dad said. Oscar was his ancient Buick.

We found Oscar and climbed into him and after a few characteristic preliminaries he responded to the starter. Then, like a broken-down aristocrat, Oscar hoisted his nose, sniffed, and went bowling disdainfully down the congested Washington streets. My dad patted him on the steering wheel.

"Good to have you home for a few days, Bill."

"Thank you, sir."

Nash, senior, grinned. "Took the United States Army to make you say, 'sir,' didn't it?"

I hadn't been any bargain dish in his life, but he could still grin at me.

He could forget a lot of things. It occurred to me that perhaps he had the same thought that was running through my mind: *Now maybe we can start all over again.*

Giving not a solitary darn about anything, Oscar traveled blithely down Fourteenth Street, crossed the bridge, and headed south. Some time later he instinctively made the correct turn for the Northern Neck. You could hear him purring in relief as the land flattened out and the road became straighter. A good guy, Oscar, even if his gear shift was still down on the floor instead of up under the steering wheel.

"So you really saw Tokyo?" my dad said tentatively.



TELL ME *about* TOKYO

The war comes to a small town and, among other things, settles a family feud.

**By
John Randolph Phillips**

The man was wet and disheveled, but there'd been no rain. Unseen, Joe followed him.

"Yes, sir—I saw Tokyo."

I remembered our excitement at the first dim glimpse of the Japanese coast. I remembered how we'd come in up the bay, low over the water. Again I saw a couple of Jap Zeros high up. I remembered the blue, puffy blossoms from the smattering of anti-aircraft fire. All of it could have happened a minute ago or a thousand years back.

"Nice city, Tokyo?" my dad inquired.

"It makes a lovely target," I told him, remembering.

He nodded savagely. Then, "Looks like you knew what you were doing when you went to V. M. I."

"Th-thank you, sir."

"Oh, don't be so darned formal with me!"

"I'm sorry, sir."

He gave me his crooked little grin again, forcing it this time. That I had insisted on the Virginia Military Institute was still a cross to him and he couldn't help it. He himself had attended the University and to him V. M. I. had always been a strange, harsh, barbarous place. Now, I hoped, he saw its value.

A mile from St. Thomas I caught my first glimpse of the water. There was a bit of wind blowing white

ruffles across the blue bosom of the Bay. I sniffed the salt air, borne on that wind, and felt at home.

Oscar piloted us down Main Street to the office of the *St. Thomas Weekly Courier*. People clustered on the sidewalk—people willing to forget the worst boy in town and eager to greet the man who had returned in his place. I felt silly. Particularly so when unctuous George Hinkle called me a hero.

He was our town policeman and his sharp, close-set eyes belied the indolence suggested by his flabby frame. I don't like oily people and in George Hinkle you glimpsed the oiliness you see in pictures of Mussolini. I turned away from him.

"So you went to Tokyo, Bill?" said Joe Pierson, our local fool. "Tell me, Bill, whereat did you fellers start from?"

"Shet your fool mouth, Joe," old Cap'n Harkins growled. "Don't you know the boy can't tell you that?"

I looked at Harkins. In my book he had always been a crusty, narrow old fisherman whose peeler crabs I had delighted in stealing for bait. To me he had represented the hide-bound character of this little coastal town. Now he said, "I ain't embarrassing you, Bill, by calling you no hero. Ain't got time for no heroes. But I knowed you could do it. You're a St. Thomas boy, ain't you? Heck, it's what I expected of you. Why the Sam Hill didn't you keep on to Berlin?"

I shot him another look. He was as crusty as ever and perhaps as narrow, but the salt of the Bay itself was in his cranky old bones.

My father picked up his mail and Oscar took us home. Gay came out on the porch. That she had not accompanied my father to Washington was, I thought, nothing if not significant. But she did her best now. Her hand even lingered a moment in mine, and her touch was like electricity running the whole length of my arm.

"You're lovely, Gay."

"You're a big liar, Lieutenant," she responded instantly.

She was correct about that, because she wasn't lovely. At least technically she wasn't. She had brown, straight hair, eyes of a candid, intense blue, and a stubborn chin very much like my own. Across the bridge of her nose a covey of freckles clustered.

Long and long ago my mother had said, "Your little second cousin is coming to live with us. You must be very nice to her."

Well, I hadn't been. In the increasing warfare between my father and myself Gay Winfree had always been on his side. She and I grew up as subtle enemies. Not too subtle, either, at times, because once she had cried, "I'm so sick of you! You're a second-classman at V. M. I., but your mental age is about four and a half."

My mental age was considerably above that now as I followed her into the house. I'd been a lot of places and seen a lot of things. Lieutenant Nash had had his ears pinned back any number of times and the experience had stimulated rather than stunted his growth.

There was one moment, when my father stooped to pick up the evening paper, that she stood close to me. Her whisper fanned my ear, "You'll be very sweet to him while you're home, won't you, Bill?"

She was such a funny, loyal little person. But a stab of anger shot through me. I didn't answer, being afraid I'd say something that would play hell all over again with my mental age. But Gay saw the sudden anger in my eyes. Her hand fluttered out, touched mine, and then

was gone. It was the nearest to a caress she'd ever given me.

We sat down to dinner. On the wall opposite me was a picture of the jolly, trim, little fishing cruiser on which my father had once been accustomed to entertain week-end guests. She'd been his pride and joy. She'd been named the Miss Lillian after my dead mother. One day long ago I'd wrecked her far down the Bay.

"You know, Bill," my father said, "I'm Chief Observer of our local post of the Aircraft Warning Service." He smiled and there was a singing pride in his voice.

So they had an air post here at this tight, self-sufficient little town on the Bay. Gay was a watcher, too. She said it was dull when no planes came but terrifically exciting when the sky was full of them. Yes, I thought, she would love the excitement; she even loved danger.

I said, "I'll bet there's one man in town who doesn't bother to serve at the post. Old man Harkins."

My father gave me an amused, tolerant look. "Cap'n Harkins is Assistant Chief Observer."

"Well, what do you know!" I exclaimed.

"There seem to be a number of things you don't know," my father said testily. He was instantly sorry for that statement, but I don't suppose he could have helped it. It sprang automatically from that hopeless antagonism which had flourished so long between us. Regret throbbed in his eyes. "Let's get the news," he said gruffly.

In the living room a clipped radio voice told us the happenings of the day. The Marines were holding their own in the Solomons. The situation was better in Russia and the Japs were still at Kiska. Then the newscaster said grimly, "It is feared that another attempt is being made to land saboteurs along our coast."

"Not a chance!" my father snorted. "Not after the short shrift we gave those eight we caught. Rotten rats!"

He turned off the radio. Gay brought his pipe, filled it and lit it. He thanked her with a gentle glance. They were very close, those two; just watching them sent a flood of loneliness sweeping over me.

My father said, "Bill, the Lions Club is meeting for lunch tomorrow. I promised that you'd come and give us a little talk."

The loneliness yielded to a twinge of exasperation. I said, "The things they'd like to hear, I couldn't tell them. They get everything else from the papers and the radio. Besides, the Army isn't keen about—"

"Let it go, then," he broke in crustily. Disappointment lurked in his eyes and would not leave.

I said quickly, "Oh, I'll go, Dad. I'll give them a shot of generalities and sidestep any—"

He interrupted again, with sudden scorn, "You don't think, do you, that anybody in this town except Joe Pierson would ask you any question

you were not supposed to answer?"

I felt like the fool I was. Gay's eyes brooded over us. My father, puffing furiously on his pipe, announced that he had an editorial to write and left the room.

"It was the least you could have done for him," Gay said acidly. "He didn't want you to draw them a military map. He just wanted to sit back and hear his son make a speech. He wanted to feel proud."

THERE was wind the next morning with a hint of stormy weather on



Illustrated By
MARIO COOPER

the way. I walked alone along the docks. A gull perched on a piling eyed me gloomily. The gull couldn't know about Tokyo; the gull just thought I was a dope. I turned my face into the wind and watched the big white ruffles rising and falling far out in the Bay.

Joe Pierson came from somewhere and sat at my feet with his legs hanging over the side of the dock. He could sit that way for hours. I moved toward town. Joe came shuffling after me.

"Some day you'll tell me, won't

you, Bill?" he asked pleadingly.

"Yes, Joe. Some day I'll tell you all about it."

"And I might tell you somethin' sometime, too, Bill."

"What, Joe?"

"Oh, just—just the things I see."

There was an eerie quality in his singsong voice; it was like a voice coming out of dark woods or moaning across the Bay at night. I stopped and stared at him. Then I remembered that he was only Joe Pierson, the town fool; but just the same, I suddenly swung up the street too

hastily for him to keep up with me.

My dad was off in the jungle with his Lions, so Gay and I had lunch alone. She did her best to make it a success. I did my best, too. But we talked too much and were too polite to each other. Lunch just wasn't any good.

Or maybe it was. Because as we stood up from the table, one of my crazy fits struck me. I thought, *You don't bomb Tokyo and then come home and not take what you want.* I held her crushed against me and I

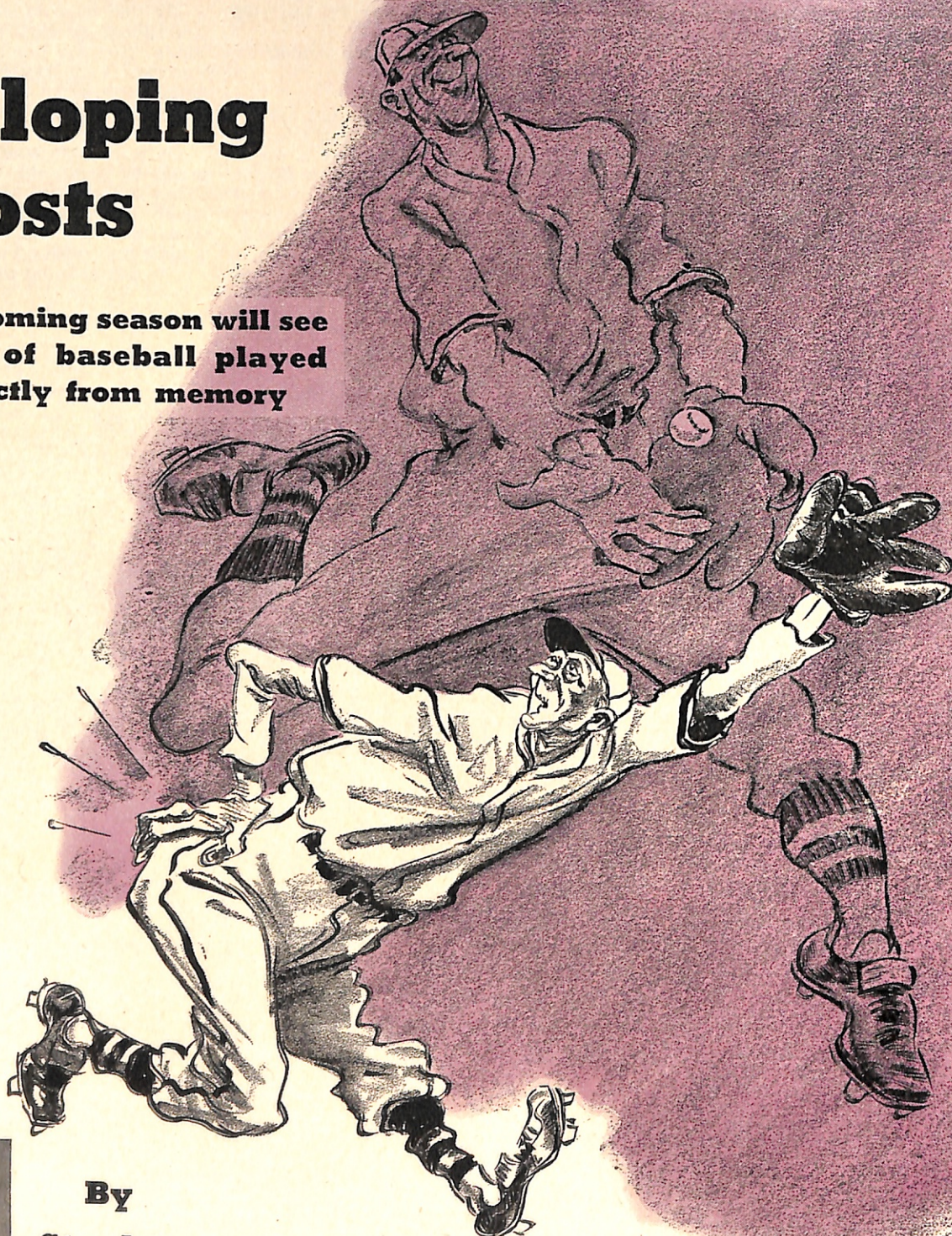
(Continued on page 39)

**A pair of half-drowned
ghosts, we crept to that
lighted window and lis-
tened.**



Galloping Ghosts

The coming season will see a lot of baseball played strictly from memory



**By
Stanley
Frank**

THOSE skeptics who harbor the quaint delusion that such supernatural shenanigans as ghosts, apparitions and haunted houses disappeared from the North American continent with the Salem witch-burnings more than two hundred years ago are not entirely crazy—but they soon will be. This is the age of harsh realism, of exacting standards of

performance, but it will be difficult to prove the point during the forthcoming baseball season.

The ball parks of the Nation shortly are to be transformed, in broad daylight, into haunted houses populated by the galloping ghosts—stumbling specters, anyway—of men who were retired from the public eye years ago. They were given a decent burial among their scrapbooks, then completely forgotten. Some of them will not have played big-league—or any other—baseball for six or seven years, but they'll be playing it this year and the fans will like it once

they become accustomed to the macabre creaking of bones and the cackles of ghoulish glee rising from the field.

It happened during the last war and it will happen again, only more so. Only, there will be more baseball played and fewer men left to play it this time; it is inevitable that there will be a mass exhumation in the bone-yard of hallowed heroes who can go through the motions, at least, of giving a reasonable imitation of a major-league professional, if only from memory.

(Continued on page 47)



Photo from Monkmeyer

Once you have a litter of pups in your home your troubles have just started. Here's the solution for most problems.



In the DOGHOUSE with Ed Faust

LAST month, if you may remember, I got myself involved in Mrs. Fido's family affairs. I tried to tell what to do when the canine stork arrived, which very naturally leads into the subject of this month's sermon . . . how to take care of the little he's and she's once they've come into the world.

Raising a litter of puppies is not the terrific job that some think

it to be. If left to herself, momma dog can usually do this very well by herself. But occasionally we find a dog that needs a bit of help, either in the whelping or the weaning. In my previous screed I related certain do's and don'ts about the job of whelping so we'll move on to the business of weaning. If Mrs. Dog has plenty of milk for all of her youngsters then she should nurse them until they are ready to go on their own which should be in about five or six weeks. If for any reason she isn't a good milk dis-

pensary, then a foster mother is the next best bet. But it isn't always easy to locate another momma dog and, lacking such, the little ones will have to be hand-fed at three-hour intervals. I've always used a half-and-half mixture of evaporated milk and water, putting a drop or two on the pup's nose and lips. He or she will lick this off and this leads to learning how to drink. It helps if you dip your finger in the milk and induce the pup to nuzzle it. To help build strong bone structure, a tablespoon-

(Continued on page 52)

STOP ME *if you've heard*

I WAS sitting over by the window, idly watching landings and take-offs and all the other complicated activities of an Army Field. Behind me the Colonel's pen was still scratching and I began to wonder if he had forgotten I was there. That would have been fine. I wasn't looking forward to the interview. The Colonel expected me to have ideas like rabbits have rabbits. And I expected the Colonel to remember once in a while that Public Relations Officers are just like everybody—except they

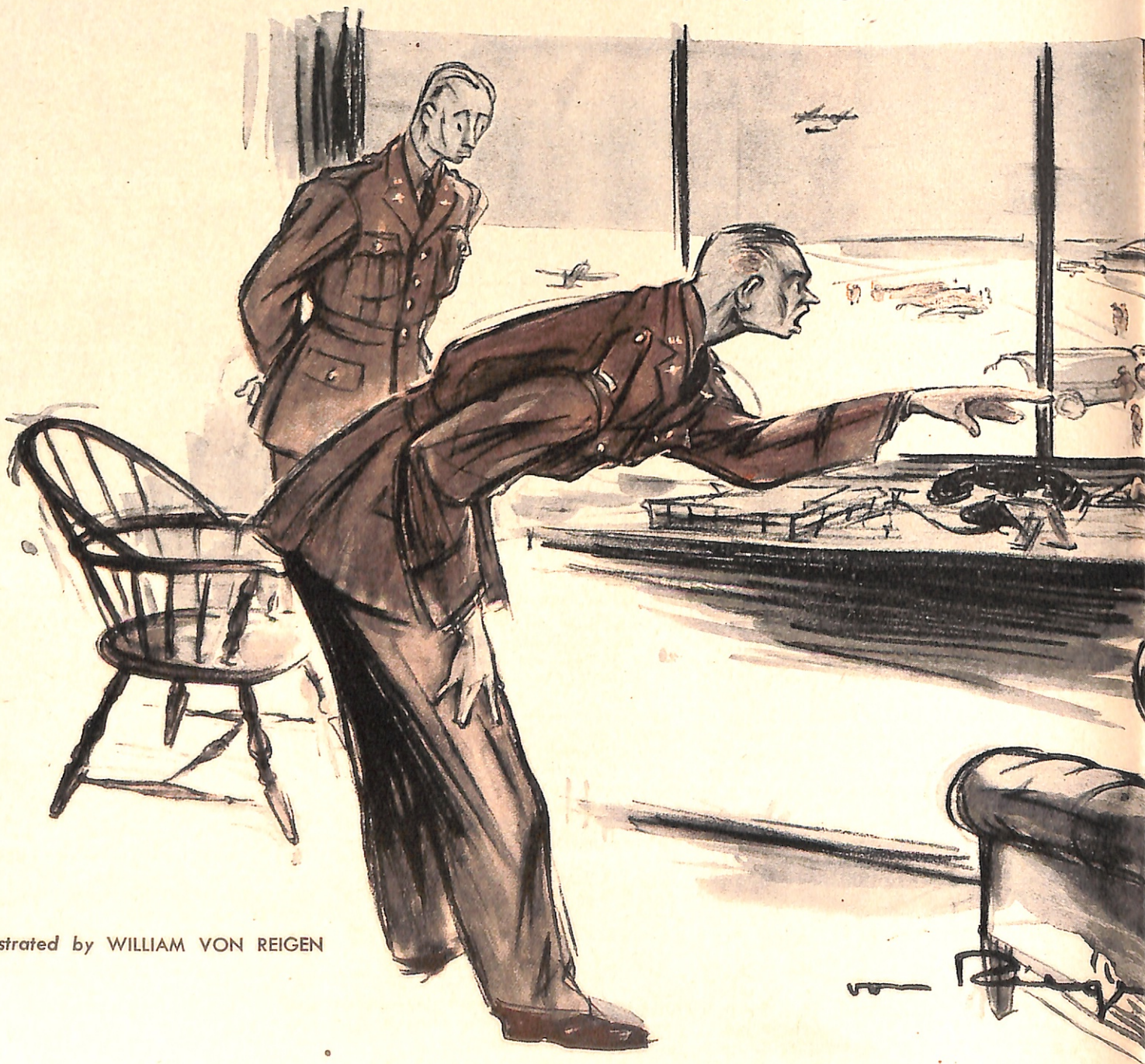
work a little harder for a living.

There was a knock on the door and almost before I could look up, Matthewson came in. His long, lean face was set and his eyes were narrowed and intent.

Matthewson and the Army had little in common. All he wanted to do was fly. But in a very special way—strapped into the seat of a streamlined splinter with nothing but six machine guns and an undersized cannon between him and his Maker. That's where the rub came. The

Army couldn't see it that way. Matthewson was closer to forty than twenty and he had more flying time than a covey of quail. He was as good a pilot as ever adjusted a bungee and the Army figured he was too valuable to go splattering his brains over Flanders Fields. So they made him an instructor.

"I've done as you asked, sir. I've checked young Tayloe again and my verdict is still 'No'." He was breathing hard and a muscle fluttered along his jaw. "I'm going to wash him out."



Illustrated by WILLIAM VON REIGEN

this one

MATTHEWSON WAS CLOSER TO FORTY
THAN TWENTY AND HE HAD MORE FLYING
TIME THAN A COVEY OF QUAIL.

**A ground-shy youngster is a hard man
to train, but the Colonel had the answer.**

By S. F. HANGER

The Colonel put down his pen. It took him a moment to orientate himself.

"Oh, yes—young Tayloe. He's the one who's a little ground-shy, isn't he?"

Matthewson snorted.

"Tell me what happened."

"I told him this was his last chance. I told him if he got down all

right I'd solo him today." Matthewson's tone seemed to say that this was more than could be expected of him. "Well, he took me around the field until I was dizzy and I couldn't get him within fifty feet of the dirt. Then he tried to crack me up! He tried to fly me right smack, down into the ground! I darned near had to hit him to get the stick!"



The Colonel looked at him steadily and after a moment Matthewson looked away. I knew just how he felt. When I and my big head first arrived at the field, the Colonel had occasion to look at me like that—once. It was very effective.

"All right," Matthewson said. "Maybe he just froze up a little."

The Colonel leaned forward in his chair and searched through a pile of papers. Finally he pulled one out. This was an act. I'd seen him do it before. Every paper on that desk had a reason for being there and he could have picked out any one of them blindfold. So I knew he'd been expecting something like this to happen.

"Let's see. Here's Tayloe's transcript." He studied it in silence for a moment while Matthewson's face regained its grimness.

"Navigation. . . . Meteorology. . . . Code. . . . The boy seems to be at the top of the heap. His instructor rates him excellent, except for landings. All in all he seems to be about the best youngster we've got—on paper."

"If you can't land, you can't fly." Matthewson said shortly.

The Colonel continued to look at the papers in front of him.

"His coordination seems to be good. He handles a ship very well in the air." He smiled a little at Matthewson. "The government has spent quite a lot of money on him already. It seems a shame to wash him out. I wonder what his trouble is."

"I may be a flying wet-nurse", Matthewson said bitterly, "but I'm not a psychiatrist. For my money, he just can't fly."

(Continued on page 48)

"I MAY BE A FLYING WET-NURSE", MATTHEWSON SAID BITTERLY,
"BUT I'M NOT A PSYCHIATRIST, FOR MY MONEY, HE JUST CAN'T FLY."

**This is the story of the Mitsui Family Council
— "Japan's invisible super-Cabinet", the
greatest monopolists on earth.**

The Year of the Monkey

By Joseph Wechsberg

AMIDST the general paroxysm reigning in Tokyo on the morning of December 8th, 1941, few people noticed the twenty-odd black limousines which drove up in front of the imposing, granite Mitsui-Building in No. 1, Suruga-cho. Unobtrusively-posted policemen and special detectives were closely guarding the entrance through which the members of the Mitsui Family Council hurried into the building. Ever since Baron Takuma Dan, the Mitsui general manager, was shot in March, 1932, the Mitsuis have been living in fear of assassination.

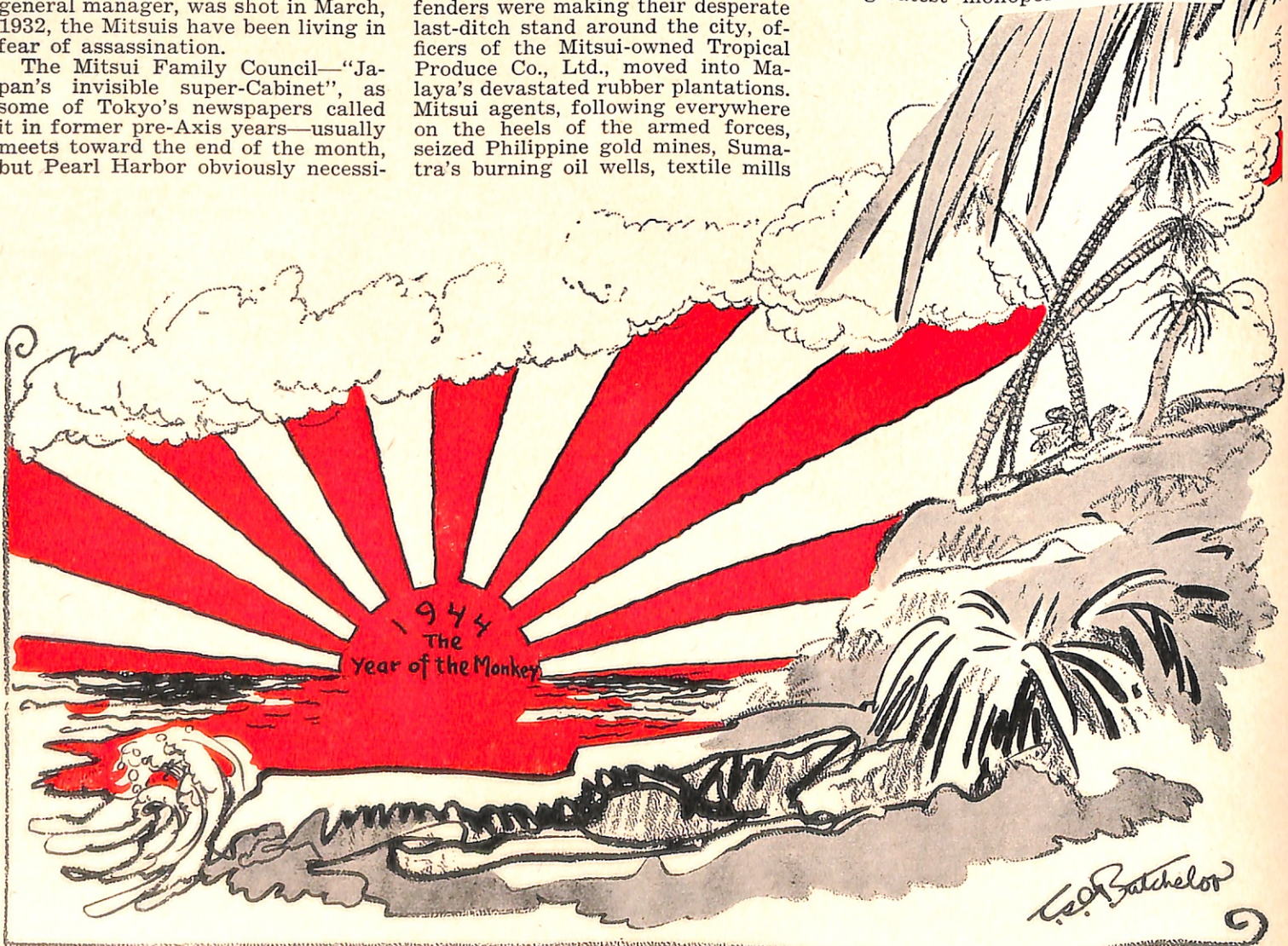
The Mitsui Family Council—"Japan's invisible super-Cabinet", as some of Tokyo's newspapers called it in former pre-Axis years—usually meets toward the end of the month, but Pearl Harbor obviously necessi-

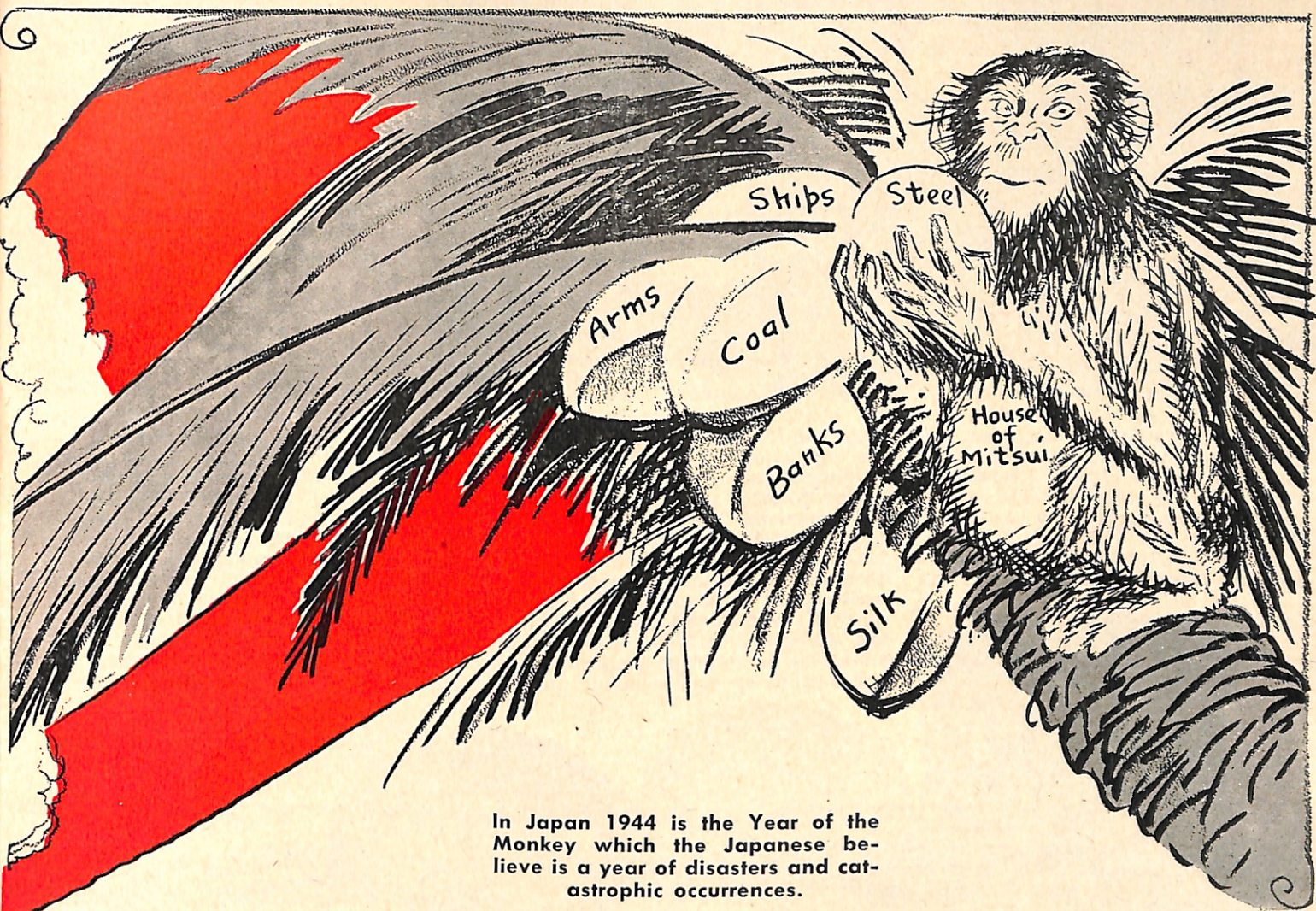
tated an emergency meeting. Deepest secrecy shrouds the conclaves of the Mitsui's. Yet their far-reaching machinations can hardly be concealed before the outside world.

Two hours after the surrender of Hong Kong's garrison, emissaries of the Mitsukoshi Department Stores, a Mitsui enterprise, took over Whiteaway & Laidlaw, one of Britain's last famous shopping centers and symbols of economic prestige in the Far East. Even as Singapore's defenders were making their desperate last-ditch stand around the city, officers of the Mitsui-owned Tropical Produce Co., Ltd., moved into Malaya's devastated rubber plantations. Mitsui agents, following everywhere on the heels of the armed forces, seized Philippine gold mines, Sumatra's burning oil wells, textile mills

in Middle-Java, Bangka's tin mines, Portuguese coffee plantations on Timor Island. The Mitsuis were collecting. They had played the Fascist game, backed Japan's Army extremists; financed the war; armed Japan's soldiers; built her warships. Now they were eager to get their profits.

On the surface, the Mitsuis are Japan's most powerful family clan, the secret governors of the Empire, the greatest monopolists on earth.





In Japan 1944 is the Year of the Monkey which the Japanese believe is a year of disasters and catastrophic occurrences.

Drawing by C. D. BATCHELOR

To casual observers the Mitsui crest—the Japanese figure “three” in a square because “Mitsui” means “Three Wells”—has come to be identical with the flag of the Rising Sun. The Mitsuis have commercial traditions, industrial power, a world-wide trade organization and governmental connections. Baron Takakimi Mitsui, head of the family, is Japan’s wealthiest man. Japanese writers estimate his private fortune at 450,000,000 yen, about \$130,000,000—though it must be taken into account that before the war the purchasing power of the yen in Japan equalled that of the dollar in the United States. Japanese statisticians like to point out that for seven years the Baron will be paying, on inheritance taxes alone, 8,400 yen a day—more than the yearly salary of Admiral Yamamoto, the Navy Chief.

The structure of the Mitsui wealth is intricate and indefinable in modern financial terms. The Mitsuis are more than a family, a business firm, a trade mark. They are the most powerful of the five capitalistic families who control 62 percent of Japan’s total wealth. The four others, Mitsubishi (banking, shipping, insurance), Sumimoto (heavy industries, engineering), Yasuda (banking, insurance) and Okura (trade, engineering) have never seriously

threatened the dominating position of the Mitsuis.

The general headquarters and nerve center of all Mitsui enterprises is Mitsui Gomei Kaisha, roughly spoken a giant holding company, capitalized at 300,000,000 yen. But figures are misleading. To have an approximate idea of what the company means to the economic structure of the Japanese Empire, one would have to think of an imaginary American holding company which would directly control the National City Bank, Metropolitan Life insurance, Bethlehem Steel, General Motors and Woolworth, and in addition have indirect control over General Electric, Southern Pacific, U. S. Rubber, Coca-Cola, Dow-Chemical, Eastman Kodak, Johns-Manville and International Paper; and this industrial pyramid still wouldn’t quite equal the all-penetrating power of the Mitsui colossus.

The Mitsui Gomei Kaisha controls the policies of the various Mitsui enterprises: the Mitsui Bank, Ltd., founded in 1673, ten years before the Bank of England; Mitsui Trust Co. (doing 17 percent of Japan’s trust business); Mitsukoshi Department Stores, and above all Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, the world’s largest trading company, which in turn controls La Société Anonyme Française at Ly-

ons, the Deutsche Bussan Aktien-Gesellschaft in Berlin, had branch offices in New York, London, South Africa, and owns establishments in every important town east of Suez.

There is no space to enumerate all Mitsui enterprises. They own coal mines, steel mills, chemical companies, textile works, engineering works. The whole register reads like a list of Tokyo Stock Market quotations. They have sold beer to Germany, watches to Switzerland, American flags to Americans, spaghettis to Italy.

“There is,” says Oland D. Russell in ‘The House of Mitsui’, “hardly a marketable commodity made in Japan, whether in the humblest homes or greatest factories that is not handled in the export markets by the Mitsui trading organization.”

The Mitsuis created the most striking and uncompromising example of private monopoly capitalism. They built and partially owned the first private munitions plant in Japan—the Japan Steel Works. In the First World War their activities spread even to the United States. They financed the Standard Aero Corporation and the Standard Aircraft Corporation in 1915 which reportedly received \$14,000,000 for planes and parts during the war from the Government. After the war, those



Left to right: Baron T. H. Mitsui, the Baroness and T. Y. Mitsui, uncle of the Baron.

All photos by Wide World

payments were among thirty-six other cases of alleged aircraft fraud audited by the Finance Division of the Army Air Service, and subsequently investigated by a Senate Committee.

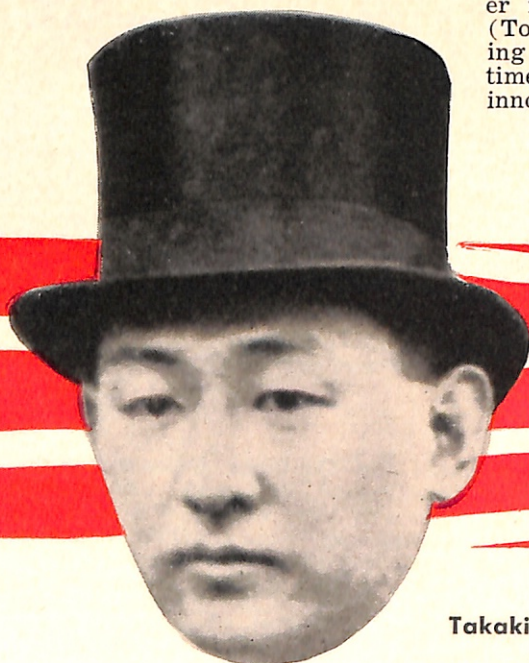
A survey of the Mitsui activities shows ever-mounting, enormous

from the family whose members are merely stockholders in the giant holding company.

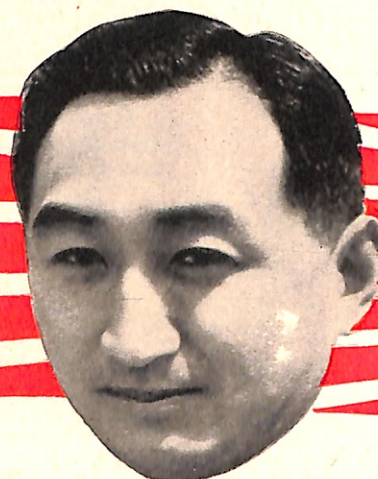
The founder of this fortune and its remarkable social structure was one Hachirobei Mitsui, a man of genius and rare foresight, who began in 1673 as a little dry goods shopkeeper in what was then called Yedo (Tokyo) and wound up as the leading merchant and financier of his time. He introduced such startling innovations as profit-sharing among

rule. It still is the motto of the Mitsuis. His will, outlining a code of family ethics and business transactions, became the Mitsui Family Constitution, and is generally considered responsible for holding together the family enterprises for almost three centuries. Here are its main sentences:

1. The members of the House of Mitsui should deal with one another in friendship . . . Contentions among the kin would in



Takakimi Mitsui



Takasumi Mitsui

profits. Their manipulations are a cunning, ruthless, ingenious blend of innovations, intrigues, bribery, scandals, assassinations, underselling, unsocial deeds and widely publicized charities, of politics and war-mongering.

What makes the Mitsuis a class by themselves among the other great fortune builders of all times is the peculiar social system under which they have accumulated their wealth and were able to keep it within the same family for almost three hundred years. They are a clan, a state within the state, with their own constitution, regular cabinet meetings, and even a hired prime minister. They were possible only in Japan; no other modern State would tolerate a similar family organization with state-like sanctions behind it. The family is organized as a tribal unit in eleven branches. The business firm is completely separated

his employees, double entry book-keeping, branch stores; he had his name painted on large billboards and on rainy days distributed paper umbrellas with the name "Mitsui" written on the top, thus being the first large-scale advertiser; he commissioned playwrights and actors to mention his name in their dramas—a "sponsor" 250 years before the modern radio commercial! He founded his own bank and was a forerunner of the issues of paper-money.

Above all, he was a wise man. Anticipating that "great fortunes develop symptoms of decline when they reach the third generation", he put each of his six sons in charge of one of his six business branches so that the inheritance would remain intact. His famed slogan "*Genkin Kakene Nashi*" (Cash Payment and a Single Price) caused a minor revolution in a country where long-time charge accounts and haggling had been the

the end ruin the entire House.

2. Do not needlessly increase the number of families of the House . . . Over-expansion will beget confusion and trouble.

3. Thrift enriches the House, while luxury ruins a man. Practice the former but avoid the latter . . .

4. In making marriages, incurring debts or underwriting others' debts, act always according to the advice of the Council of the Family.

5. Set aside a certain part of the annual income and divide it among the members of the House according to their portions.

6. The lifework of a man lasts as long as he lives. Therefore, do not, without reason, seek the luxury and ease of retirement.

7. . . . Organize your finance and prevent disintegration.

8. The essential of a business enterprise is to employ men of great abilities and take advantage of their

special talents. Replace those who are aged and decrepit with young men of promise.

9. Unless one concentrates, one fails. Our House has its own enterprises which are ample to provide for any man's life. Never touch another business.

10. He who does not know, cannot lead. Make your sons begin with the mean tasks of apprentice, when they have gradually learned the secrets of the business and at that time only let them take a post in the branch houses to practise their knowledge.

11. Sound judgment is essential in all things, especially in business enterprises. Know that a small sacrifice today is preferable, in every way and to every end, to a great loss tomorrow.

12. The members of the House should practice mutual caution and counsel lest they blunder. If there be among you any evil doer, deal with him accordingly at the Council of the Family.

13. You who have been born in the lands of gods worship your gods, revere your Emperor, love your country and do your duty as subjects above all other things.

bu. Divorce doesn't exist.

Tokyo newspapers are known for their passion for scandalmongering but for two generations they haven't been able to discover a personal scandal among the Mitsuis. There were frequent rumors about affairs with geishas; one of the younger Mitsuis is said to be the owner of a Tokyo night club, under an assumed name; but there were no "stories". There are no playboys or spend-thrifts among the Mitsui scions. Afraid of the severe family council, they don't dare take any chances.

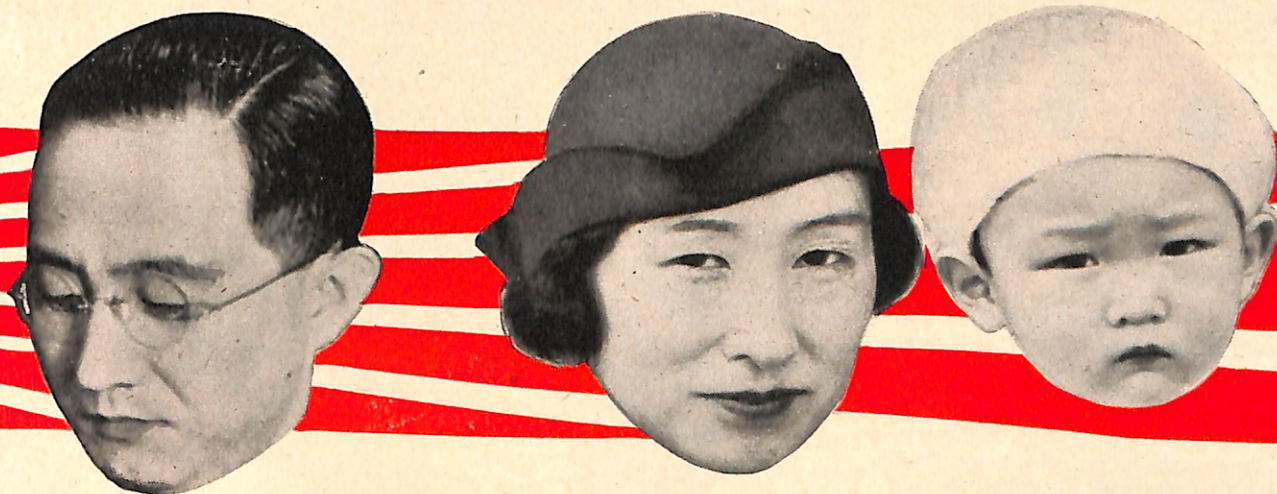
HACHIROBEI'S old constitution was slightly amended at the beginning of the century by the distinguished statesman Inouye and brought up to date. When Hachirobei wrote "Never touch another business" he couldn't foresee the economic development of the twentieth century that would make a vertical expansion and acquisition of other lines of business imperative for a firm as far-reaching as the Mitsui. After the restoration of the Meiji Dynasty, the Mitsuis were awarded large government contracts for having backed the winning side. Ja-

of by the best men money can buy.

The hired prime ministers reorganized the Mitsui industries. Inouye acquired new lines of business; Masuda—ex-houseboy for Townsend Harris, first U. S. Minister to Japan—built up the cotton, steel and munitions factories; Takuma Dan directed the affairs of the firm during the first World War; Seihin Ikeda, Harvard '95, ex-finance minister, ex-governor of the Bank of Japan, was better known as "the Tiger of the Money Market". The prime ministers are responsible for the gigantic trade offensive of the Mitsuis in the post-war days, for tremendous profits and mounting investments and for the tight spot in which the Mitsuis now find themselves.

Today the Mitsuis are the best-hated people in Japan. Hate makes strange bedfellows and the anti-Mitsui offensive, still in the underground stage, is led by Army generals whom they have helped to set up; secret societies like the Blood Brotherhood who have their nebulous, mystical orders about rubbing out the "greedy capitalists"; and by the masses of the people who can well remember the famed Mitsui scandals.

What now looks like the beginning



Takahisa H. Mitsui, his wife and son.

WHEN a young Mitsui comes of age, he takes a formal oath to the family constitution. Henceforth its rules govern his life. He is educated in the best schools (many Mitsuis are graduates of Harvard, Dartmouth, Massachusetts Institute of Technology); he "begins with the mean tasks of apprentice" (Baron Takakimi Mitsui worked for years as an ordinary clerk at 40 yen a month in the Bank of Japan); he obeys the mediaeval-like family council which consists of the heads of the eleven Mitsui families plus the retired heads, and meets once a month in secrecy to deal with all important family affairs—amounts to be spent by each family, adoptions, debts, troubles. There has never been a marriage without the permission of the family council; international marriages—such as have dispersed the fortunes of the Rothschilds, Astors, Vanderbilts—are ta-

pan's fast-growing industrial expansion after the turn of the century was mainly the work of the Mitsuis. Now it becomes apparent that the family members couldn't handle the complicated matters of modern industrialization by themselves. Thus the family organization separated from the business organization and the Mitsui firm became a modern corporation with the *banto*, a sort of managing director, the "Prime Minister of the Mitsui Kingdom", as its actual head.

Like the adoption of brilliant young Japanese into the family where there are no heirs with brains, this was a smart move, reflecting the wise spirit of the old sage Hachirobei. Now the heads of the families without a special ken for business may play golf, drink *saké* and enjoy their landscaped gardens instead of causing havoc at their office. Their affairs will be taken care

of the end for the Mitsuis began on a day in June, 1910, when the government was about to award the building contract for the new battleship "Kongo"—the same that was badly damaged in the first days of the war by American bombers off the Philippine Coast. The Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, acting for the British armament concern of Vickers, engaged the benevolent services of a retired naval engineer named Tsurutaro who, by coincidence!, was a close friend of Admiral Matsumoto, the "important" man in the Navy Ministry. Admiral Matsumoto got a commission of 400,000 yen and Mitsui-Vickers got the contract. Unfortunately, Karl Liebknecht, later assassinated as German socialist leader, exposed similar "deals" between Siemens-Schuckert and Japanese admirals in the Reichstag. The Mitsui bribery plot crept out. There

(Continued on page 45)

Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of

By Wyatt Blassingame

R.F.D., P.D.Q.



From the top of the barrel a pair of bare legs stuck feet upward. They thrashed about and the barrel rocked but wouldn't turn over.

SHE didn't see him until he was inside the school door, and then it was too late to stop him. He sat down on the edge of her desk. His trousers were rolled above his ankles, and were wet well above the knees from where he had been wading. He had a light plug rod in one hand and a string of big-mouth bass, five and six pounders, in the other. His blond hair was tousled and damp with perspiration, and this was one of those outrageous times when he didn't look much older than some of the children she taught.

He said, "I came to walk home with you, honey."

She said, in a hurried whisper, "Please, Sam! There are two little boys in the back of the room!"

"You can't doubt it any longer," Sam said. "This is pure proof I love you. The bass were jumping out of Alligator Slough to fight for my plug. I saw one weighed thirteen pounds, maybe fourteen. But I said, 'No, no. I'm going to give up fishing. I'm going to walk home with Margy.' If that ain't proof, you'll never have it."

She wasn't sure the children in the back of the room couldn't hear. "Sam! How am I going to keep discipline. . . ."

"I don't worry about you keeping discipline," Sam said. He looked

toward the back of the room where, at opposite corners, two small heads were bent low over open books. Sam winked, and neither of the boys was studying so hard that he could not see him and grin back. "If they wasn't both snaggle-toothed they'd bite their own ears, grinning like that," Sam said, "What'd they do?"

"They were fighting. I've had to warn them before," she replied.

Sam turned to the kids again. "Say, Potlikker, if Miss Thomas lets you and Macey go now, will y'all promise not to fight?"

Potlikker looked at Macey, and Macey looked at Potlikker. They were both anxious to get out, but neither wanted to be the first to call off the fight, because then the other might claim to have won.

"The bass are going crazy in the

night stayed Sam from safeguarding the mails



slough," Sam said, lifting his string higher so they could get a better view. "I'll let y'all use my rod, if you promise to take turns with it—and not fight."

"Yessir!" They said it together, their hands anxious on their books and their eyes watching the teacher.

"All right," she said. "You may go."

She gathered up her own books

and papers and Sam took them. "Don't seem quite right for me to be carrying things for the teacher," he said. "The way I used to hate teachers when I was going to school, I never figured I'd be fool enough to fall in love with one of them."

It was late April and the sun was hot, the sand path hot under their feet. The Spanish bayonets wore white cockades, and whole fleets of

bees dive-bombed the yellow flowers of the prickly pear. Along the path pawpaws were ripening and in a shallow pond water lilies bloomed, with egrets standing motionless among them like strange, huge, white flowers. Sam said, "Hell, honey. I just thought of something!"

"What is it?"

"It's Spring. We ought to get married." He stopped and leaned over (one hand holding the heavy string of fish; the other, Margy's books and papers) and kissed her. He said, "I know it's kind of sudden. I probably ain't mentioned it to you—not since last night anyway. But it's a good idea."

Sometimes she thought so too, and this was one of those times. She put her hand on his arm and her eyes were misty just with looking at him and her heart seemed to swell until it filled her breast, and in some back corner of her brain she thought it was strange a person's heart should have a physical ache because of happiness. "But there's the school," she said. "It won't be out for a month—"

"Give the kids a holiday. We could take one too. We could go to Miami, and maybe we could afford a couple of days' deep-sea fishing. I'd like to hook into one of those really big fish sometime."

"That would be a change for you," she said. "You spend all your time now fishing, or hunting. Would you have to fish on your honeymoon too?"

"Sure," he said. "A fellow's got to do something." He laughed and tried to kiss her again, but she backed away and the string of bass bumped against her, leaving a stain on her white skirt. She brushed at it angrily and walked away from him down the path.

He caught up with her. "All right," he said. "We wouldn't go fishing. Those guide boats cost a heck of a lot anyway." Still she didn't look at him and he said, "I wouldn't even think about fishing, honey. I wouldn't even eat fish."

She kept walking, looking straight ahead. He said, "I'm sorry, Margy. I didn't mean to make you mad. I was just teasing."

Now she looked at him, and there were tears in her eyes. Her voice had the harsh sound that discussing this old, unsolvable problem always gave to it. "No, you weren't teasing. It's just that you never think about anything except taking holidays, about having a good time. You never think about work, about trying to get ahead. You've got a store, but you're never in it—"

"Nobody wants to buy anything this time of the day," Sam said. "It's too hot. Anyway, folks know I'll be there later."

"If you haven't gone off for two or three days, hunting. And the post office—" her voice had a jagged edge. "You are supposed to be the postmaster. You are supposed to run a United States post office. And where is it? What is it? A barrel!"

"A half barrel," Sam said. "Folks would have too much trouble reaching the bottom of a full-sized barrel. And Lord knows we never have mail enough to fill one."

"A barrel!" she said again. "Not even private boxes. Not even a locked drawer back of the store counter. But a barrel on the store porch, with all the mail that comes dumped into it!"

"Folks like it that way. They can sort through it for themselves and see everybody who's got a letter and

Sam said. "And the inspector's used to Gauva Grove. The post office been in that barrel ever since there's been a post office out here. Old Pa Brasdale was the only postmaster they ever had before me, and he started it that way."

"Yes, but you said there was a new inspector for this district."

"I reckon the other one told him about us," Sam said placidly. "Anyhow, the folks in Guava Grove don't want to change their post office just to suit some new inspector."

"It's not the people in Guava

lazy to work in it. And if you were to fix up the post office, work at it, get the attention of the inspector, then take a Civil Service Examination—"

"Aw, honey!"

"Don't you want to do anything but live out here, just earning enough to get by on?" Her voice broke. "Don't you want to make anything of yourself?"

"Nope," he said. "I like it—or I would, with just one change."

"What's that?"

"If you'd marry me. When you're



"I pitched the bobcat kittens over on those fellows and they must have thought they were being attacked by panthers."

where it's from. They like it. Besides—"

"It's less work for you. But if a Federal Inspector ever came to Guava Grove, he'd send you to jail. Or suppose this Buck O'Hara who's been robbing places up and down the state came here."

"It'd be because he was lost,"

Grove!" she said. "It's you. You're so—so dam' shiftless!" She didn't use profanity often, and the sound of it was powerful when she did. Her eyes had black fire in them. "You've got sense enough to do anything you want—but you don't want! You could at least make something out of your store, but you're too

mad, honey, you're prettier'n a red-bird. You're cute as a spotted pig. I'll swear you are. Let's you and me get married."

She never knew what she might have said. They were in sight of his store, a sprawling, unpainted building at the curve of the unpaved highway. And all at once the air was

filled with a muffled but unholy scream, a shriek that rose and fell but never ended, going on and on with the blood-curdling rhythm of a panther's cry.

"What's that?"

"I'm not sure."

He went running toward the store and she ran after him, trying to keep close to him. The cry seemed to be coming from the front porch of the store, but the porch was empty and the door to the store itself was closed.

And then she saw it. From the top of a barrel on which was printed U. S. POST OFFICE a pair of bare legs stuck feet upward into the air. They thrashed about and the barrel rocked but wouldn't turn over. The scream came out muffled and awful.

"I reckon I'll have to cut that barrel down one of these days," Sam

said. "Kids are always falling into it." He caught the bare legs and heaved, and a towheaded boy of about seven, but small for his age, was hauled into view. Blood dripped from his nose and the stain of it ran in what appeared to be utter defiance of the laws of gravity up across his forehead and into his hair.

Margy took him in her arms and comforted him. Across his quivering shoulder she glared at Sam. "You—you'd rather kill one of these children than do any work!"

"He's not hurt bad," Sam said. "Are you, Willie?"

Willie's cries snuffled to an end. "Yeah," he said, "I am. But there's a letter in the post office for you, Miss Thomas. I seen it while I was in there. It's from your mama."

"You see?" Sam said.

She felt ridiculous bending over the barrel to get the letter, but she was too angry to let Sam help. And once she had it, she walked down the steps and away with all the dignity she could assume.

Later her anger had worn away and there was left only the feeling of misery and hopelessness which always followed her quarrels with Sam. She sat in her room at Ma Honeywell's, and now her heart hurt worse with unhappiness than it had with happiness. She felt too hopeless for even tears to relieve her. If only she didn't love him so much, she thought, she wouldn't care what happened to him. But she did love him, and she did care. She cared very much. The time when she could pretend to herself that she didn't, was long since past.

(Continued on page 35)



Illustrated by
EARL BLOSSOM

Earl Blossom

Editorial

The Atlantic Declaration

GREAT Britain's Prime Minister and the President conferred last summer on shipboard in the Atlantic and in collaboration wrote and issued a declaration which many of you read when it first appeared in print. Its importance, however, justifies its rereading and careful study and hence we herewith reproduce it in full at a time when consideration is being given to what our purpose will be when victory crowns our efforts for a better world for all peoples:

First, their countries seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other;

Second, they desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned;

Third, they respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live; and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them;

Fourth, they will endeavor, with due respect for their existing obligations, to further the enjoyment by all states, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity;

Fifth, they desire to bring about the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field with the object of securing, for all, improved labor standards, economic advancement and social security;

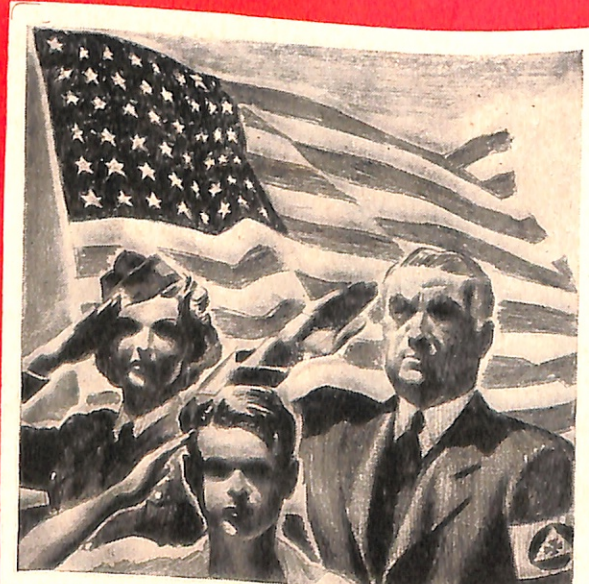
Sixth, after the final destruction of the Nazi tyranny, they hope to see established a peace which will afford to all nations the means of dwelling in safety within their own boundaries, and which will afford assurance that all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want;

Seventh, such a peace should enable all men to traverse the high seas and oceans without hindrance;

Eighth, they believe that all of the nations of the world, for realistic as well as spiritual reasons, must come to the abandonment of the use of force. Since no future peace can be maintained if land, sea or air armaments continue to be employed by nations which threaten, or may threaten, aggression outside of their frontiers, they believe, pending the establishment of a wider and permanent system of general security, that the disarmament of such nations is essential. They will likewise aid and encourage all other practicable measures which will lighten for peace-loving peoples the crushing burden of armaments.

A Well-Founded Complaint

MUCH is being said these days about public servants, their incompetence, their failure to perform their duties and their general apathy. This is charged to politics in government, and to some extent this is doubtless true, but by and large we believe that those on the public payrolls are discharging their duties efficiently and that they are fairly earning the salaries they receive. There is nothing new in this criticism, but owing to the large number of employees, due to the war, it is only to be expected that the criticisms should be more numerous and drastic. They are



directed principally against employees of the Federal Government but they apply equally in proportion to the employees of the various states, some of whom are not attending to their jobs and are not earning their salt. It seems the public, the tax payers who have the bills to pay, are justified in registering their complaint as to the number of employees on the payrolls and the salaries paid. In making this complaint they are supported by outstanding officials in both parties.

The public is urged to economize and we see no good reason why economy is not of equal importance in state and federal affairs. We are satisfied that there are some departments undermanned and some employees underpaid, but we have confidence that these inequalities in due course will be adjusted in the states and also in the Nation.

An Effect of Environment

PERHAPS there is no better way to judge a people than by the treatment they accord their women, the regard in which they are held. In Hitler's Germany, and there is no other Germany, women are regarded much as the female of other animals, their mission being to bear young. This Hitler regards as of prime importance in or out of wedlock, it makes no difference to him which. This was his policy during and following the first World War and this is his policy today. The German treasury supports the program with subsidies and care for illegitimate children. It is considerably laid down as a part of the program that women must not engage in any work which may render them unfit to be mothers of healthy children. Otherwise they are sent into the fields and factories to do the work of men. The plan is to rear men for the German army and to this end boys are trained almost from birth—assuming they are of pure German blood. Others are not wanted and are not cared for as offsprings of the pure blood, for none other is regarded as eligible to the benefits of the care provided by the Fuehrer.

Childless women, whether married or unmarried, are held

in light regard to the extent that they are not considered as full members of the community. A wife's faithfulness to an absent husband is regarded as disloyalty. Unmarried women are urged to bear children as a duty to the state. Those who objected to this were derided as narrow-minded persons and as tinged with disloyalty. The more people killed in the war the louder the demand for an increased illegitimate birth rate.

With this sort of moral training it is not to be wondered at that we are engaged in a war with those who hold in disregard, even contempt, all that we in America hold near and dear, and that we as Elks are taught to respect and honor.

Different Things Appeal

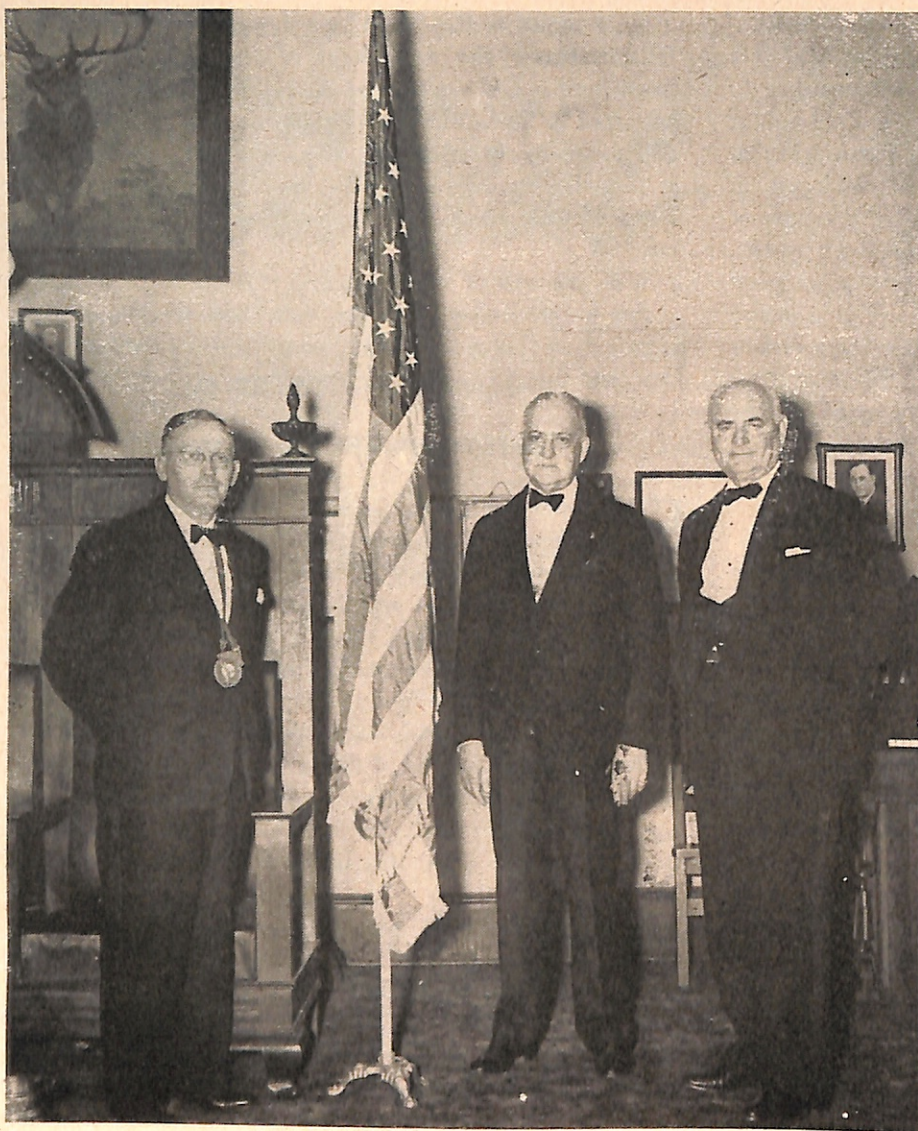
FROM the pen of Jere J. Sullivan, Past Exalted Ruler of Los Angeles Lodge, we again quote the following from a recent article written in answer to the question, "Why are you an Elk?" After referring to the many things which appeal to us as members of a great Fraternity, not all of which appeal to us in the same way and with the same force, he says:

"It reminds me of a tree. To the artist, a tree is form; to the woodcutter, it is fuel; to the pilgrim the tree is shelter; to the musician, the rustle of its leaves is music; to the golfer, it is a hazard; to the farmer, its fruit is life; to the little squirrel that lives in its hollow trunk, it is protection; to the physician, its bark is healing; to the carpenter, it is walls and roof.

"And so it is with Elkdom. The value of this great Brotherhood is in countless things. We, as Elks, may take pride in our beautiful Temple as a tribute to progress, enjoy its social and fraternal facilities, but we will take greater pride in the fact that it is the substance that houses the spirit, a noble structure dedicated to the alleviation of suffering—CHARITY; a guide to the weary traveler over the rough highway of life—BROTHERHOOD, and a monument to true Americanism—PATRIOTISM."



Decorations by John J. Flaherty, Jr.



Left are E.R. John R. Schafer, of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks War Commission, and Grand Trustee Dr. Robert South Barrett who were present at Alexandria Lodge when 90 members were initiated. Acting for the Lodge, Doctor Barrett is shown presenting Mr. Nicholson with a silk American flag and standard.

Through its promotion of army and naval aviation cadet enlistment, more than 100 recruits were obtained in a remarkably short space of time. Christmas presents were sent to members, their sons and daughters in the Armed Forces. "G" Boxes have been dispatched to members in the Service at the rate of about one a week. From a card rack installed in the club room, members may, without charge, select cards to be sent to service men.

D.D. Jay Basolo Visits His Home Lodge at McAlester, Okla.

P.E.R. Jay Basolo visited his home lodge, McAlester No. 533, on November 9 in his official capacity as District Deputy for Oklahoma, East. A large class of candidates was initiated. Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, of El Reno Lodge, and John M. Collin, of Shawnee, Pres. of the Okla. State Elks Assn., were among the distinguished guests present, all of whom, together with Congressman Paul Stewart of Antlers, Okla., who was initiated that evening, Past Exalted Rulers of McAlester Lodge and the lodge officers, were guests at a venison dinner given in their honor by P.E.R. R. L. Crutcher, P.D.D.

District Deputy Pearce Visits Gainesville, Florida, Lodge

Past Exalted Ruler B. C. Pearce, of Palatka Lodge, District Deputy for Florida, North, visited Gainesville, Fla., Lodge, No. 990, officially on December 11, 1942. The festivities began at five o'clock in the afternoon. More than 400 were present, and 15 lodges were represented by delegations. Mrs. Pearce accompanied her husband and was delightfully entertained by the Gainesville Elks' ladies. Among the distinguished Elks present were R. L. Bohon, Jacksonville, a former member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, Alto Adams, Fort Pierce, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, M. Frank O'Brien, Jacksonville, Past Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn., State Vice-pres. Wallace E. Sturgis, Ocala, P.D.D. S. Lehr Miller, Clearwater, and several Supreme Court Justices and officials of the State of Florida.

The lodge home, which had but recently been remodeled at a cost of approximately \$30,000, presented an inviting appearance. Members of the Gainesville High School Band, wearing uniforms that were a gift of the lodge, gave an hour's concert, after which dinner was served. The pièce de résistance was an eight point deer which had been killed by Samuel W. Getzen, General Chairman, and Mr. Adams. The Elks Ladies Auxiliary, organized a short time before under the direction of Mr. Getzen, prepared the dinner with the exception of the deer meat which was barbequed by three of the lodge members. The ladies also provided the decorations.

Mr. Pearce delivered his official message at the meeting held in the beautiful new lodge room at eight o'clock. Sev-

Under the ANTLERS

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Lansing, Mich., Elks Open First Aid Station in Their Lodge Home

Taking into consideration the size of its membership, Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196, ranks as high as any lodge in the Order in the performance of war-time activities. A recent event was the opening of an official first aid station in the lobby of the lodge home. In case of an aid raid or a major disaster of any kind, aid will be administered to the in-

jured right on the premises. E.R. W. Harold Kramer and Est. Loyal Knight J. C. Wood, Chairman of the lodge's War Commission, officiated. During the exercises, a bronze honor roll, hung on the wall of the lobby, was dedicated. Sixty-five members of Lansing Lodge, 35 sons of members, and also a daughter of a member, have left to serve in the Nation's Armed Forces.

Promoting the sale of War Bonds, the lodge sold \$56,000 worth in four months.



Above is the "Fight for Freedom" Class recently initiated into Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge.

Left: E.R. W. G. Evans, on behalf of Sharon, Pa., Lodge, presents an "estate wagon" to the Shenango Valley Chapter of the American Red Cross.



eral candidates were initiated and the distinguished guests present were introduced together with those who helped to make the occasion so enjoyable and successful. Mr. Adams and Mr. Getzen, who provided the deer, are famous as sportsmen in the locality. Having a lodge on the bank of the beautiful Oklawaha River, the Elks of Gainesville have issued a standing invitation to members of the Order to visit them in their new home.

Tampa Lodge Gives Weekly Open House Parties for Service Men

Immediately after Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, established its Elks Fraternal Center in the lodge home, "Saturday Night Open House" was inaugurated. The parties have gained in popularity and are attended by from two to three hundred service men every week. The doors are open to all men wearing the uniform of the U. S. Forces, and those, also, of the Merchant Marine.

The attractions are many. Daughters

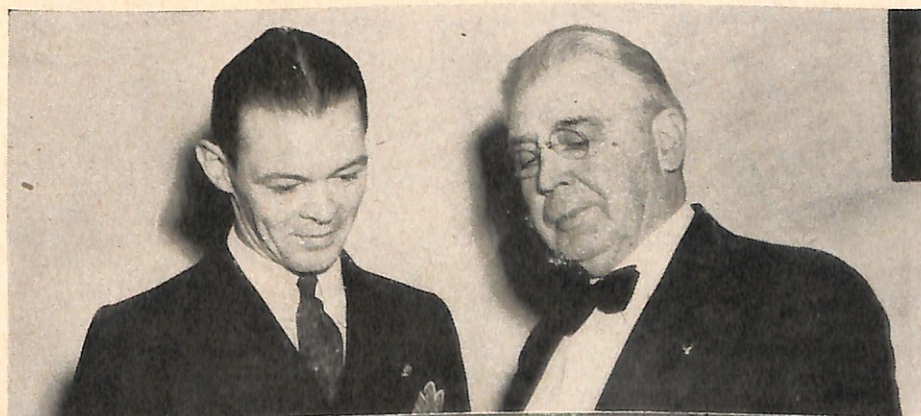
Right: Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan and E.R. Harold L. Stanton are shown together during Mr. Sullivan's recent visit to Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge.

of Elks, students at the University of Tampa and V-ettes act as hostesses, serve refreshments, and play games and dance with the soldiers and sailors. Elks and their wives serve the Saturday night suppers. The hall is always suitably decorated.

Orders go out every week for 50 pounds of hot dogs, or 75 pounds of cold

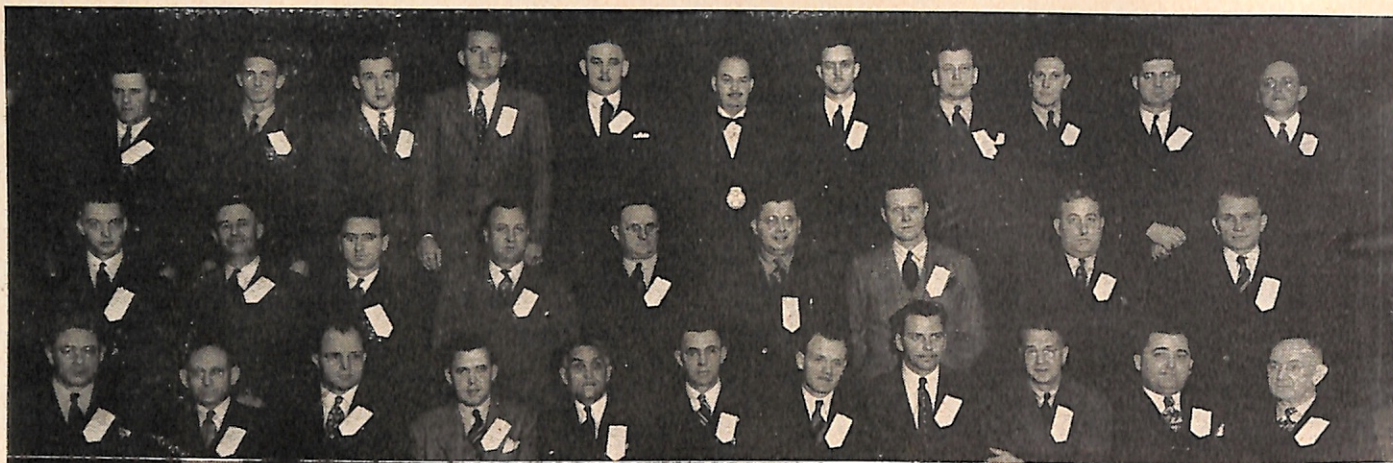
cuts for sandwiches, and always 600 bottles of cold drinks. On one occasion, 12 twenty-pound turkeys were provided. There are writing rooms with stationery printed especially for those who write their letters there. Usually 100 letters are left to be mailed. During the holidays, Christmas cards were supplied.

Operation of the Center was made the



Below are officers of New London, Conn., Lodge with a group of 12 young men who enlisted in the Navy under the auspices of New London Lodge, with officers of the Navy who were special guests.





Above is the "Fight for Freedom" Class initiated into South Bend, Ind., Lodge recently.



Left are those who were present at Alameda, Calif., Lodge's "Letter-Writing Night", when Lodge members sent letters to men in the armed forces.

chief activity of Tampa Lodge last September by Exalted Ruler P. J. Harvey. According to J. Frank Umstot, Director of the Center, not a single untoward incident has marred the program. The whole membership is impressed with the spirit shown by the men and their genuine enjoyment of the privileges and amusements at their disposal.

El Reno Lodge Holds Rally to Promote Bond and Stamp Sales

El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, staged a rally recently for the promotion of sales of War Bonds and Stamps. The rally preceded the initiation of the lodge's "Fight for Freedom" Class. Elmer Thomas, United States Senator from

Oklahoma, former Governor W. J. Hollaway and H. C. Jones, Collector of Internal Revenue in Oklahoma and also State Chairman of Bond Sales, were guests.

The attendance of approximately 450 persons included members and their wives and the candidates. The rally was one of the regular events of a series which El Reno Lodge has arranged for the year. A different patriotic program is held each month, with some outstanding speaker.

Letter-Writing Night at Alameda, California, Lodge is Successful

To promote enthusiasm in the Elks "Write 'Em A Letter" campaign, Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, staged a Letter-Writing Night before the holidays under "Good of the Order". Plenty of chairs and tables were set up in the lodge room and every member present was provided with an envelope addressed to a fellow member in the Service.

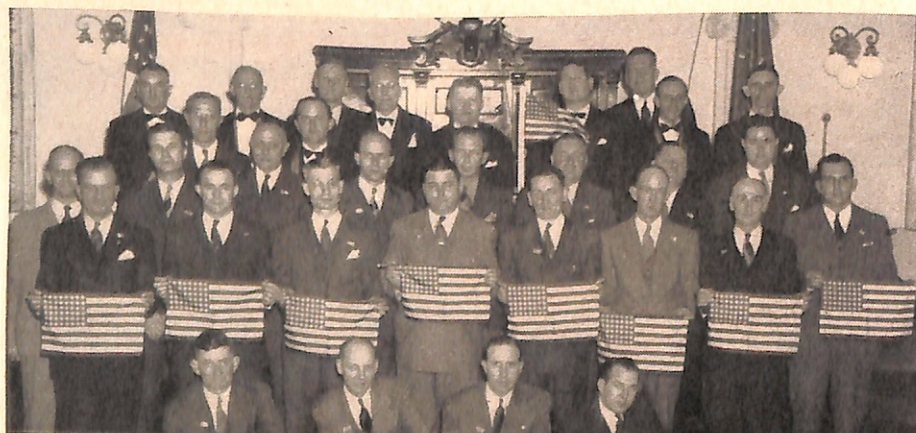
Due to the fine spirit manifested and the eagerness with which the Elks of No. 1015 cooperated, Letter-Writing Night was a great success and will be kept on the program. Much credit for work of this type is due the Service Men's Committee which is under the leadership of Chairman Joe Durein.

Items of Interest from the Idaho State Elks Association

L. W. Lieb, P.E.R. of Wallace, Ida., Lodge, No. 331, has been appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the Idaho State Elks Association to fill the unexpired term of John E. Wimer who left Wallace recently to enter defense work at Spokane, Wash. The appointment was made by the State President, John A. Bever, who is also a Past Exalted Ruler of Wallace Lodge.

Above, left, is the "Fight for Freedom" Class recently initiated into Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge.

Left: P.E.R. James J. Farrell, D.D. Judge James H. Anderson and acting E.R. Walter R. Chamberlain, of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, are shown examining some of the Elks "G" Boxes which they sent to members in the service.





At the Association's midwinter meeting at Lewiston, plans were outlined for the establishment of a crippled children's home at Boise. The summer meeting, to be held at St. Maries in June, will be streamlined, devoid of frills and devoted only to lodge business.

Putnam, Conn., Lodge Burns Mortgage; Mr. Sullivan Speaks

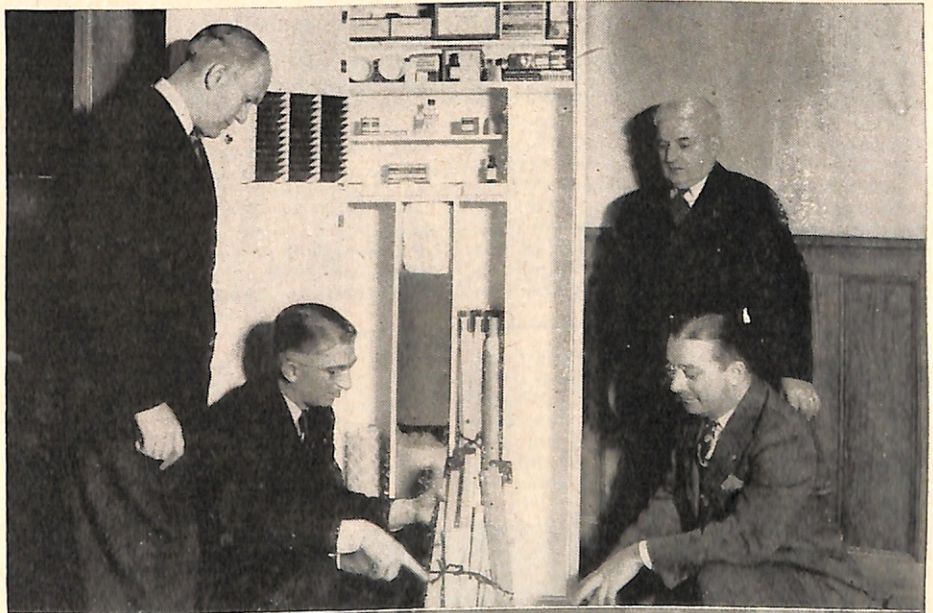
A red letter event in the history of Putnam, Conn., Lodge, No. 574, was the celebration on November 16, 1942, of the completion of payments on the lodge home. Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, and other distinguished Elks were present as special guests and speakers.

The festivities began with a social session at 5:30 p.m. At eight o'clock a turkey dinner was served, with covers for 225. Guests of honor seated at the speakers' table were Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan and Mr. Malley; Grand Esquire

Thomas J. Brady, Brookline, Mass., Lodge; Albert J. Roy, Willimantic, President, and Clarence J. McCarthy, Rockville, Vice-President, of the Connecticut State Elks Association; James V. Pedace, Norwich, District Deputy for the Connecticut, East, District, and John F. Burke, Boston, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The mortgage-burning exercises were opened with a selection by the Henry

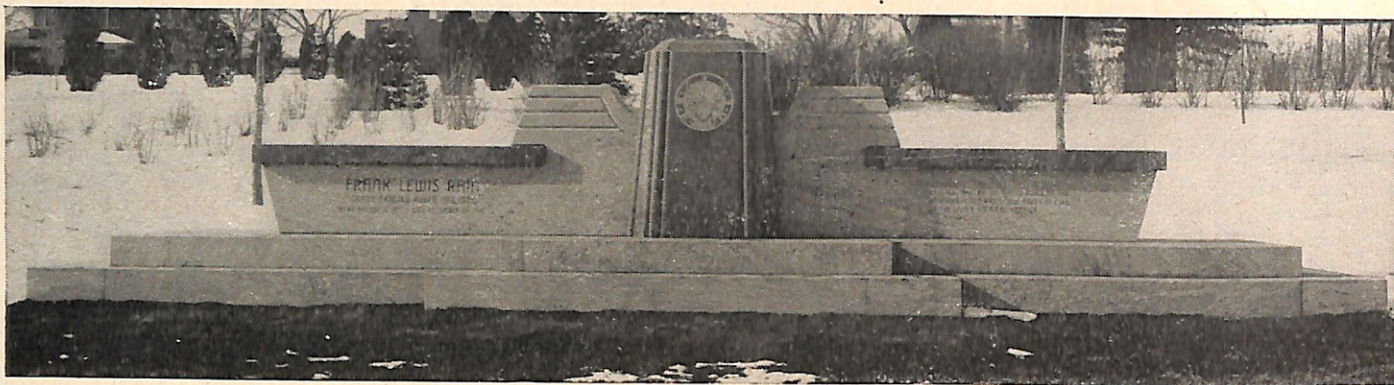
Above are those who attended the banquet held by Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge to celebrate its 60th Anniversary, with the initiation of 75 candidates in the "Fight for Freedom" Class. An honorary member of the class was Albert H. Fiebach, Imperial Potentate of the Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North America. The Grand Exalted Ruler was present.



Right is an official First Aid Station set up by Lansing, Mich., Lodge in case of an air raid or major disaster of any kind.

Below are members of Union City, N. J., Lodge, who were present at a banquet to celebrate the mortgage-burning on the home on its second anniversary.





The handsome memorial erected by the Grand Lodge in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain.

Dedication of Grand Lodge Memorial To Frank L. Rain Follows Services at Fairbury Lodge

REPRESENTATIVES of the Grand Lodge, the Nebraska State Elks Association and the various subordinate lodges of the State of Nebraska joined with the members of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge, No. 1203, in its annual Memorial Service, held on Sunday afternoon, December 6, in the lodge home. During the regular service, State President A. C. Bintz, Past Exalted Ruler of Lincoln Lodge No. 80, speaking on behalf of the Elks of Nebraska, delivered the tribute to the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, one of the organizers and the first Exalted Ruler of Fairbury Lodge. Mr. Rain died on December 24, 1941.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Memorial Committee, delivered a beautiful and heartstirring eulogy as the representative of the Grand Lodge. Mr. Campbell, who is the Chairman of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, was Mr. Rain's immediate

predecessor as Grand Exalted Ruler and his close associate in Grand Lodge activities for thirty years.

In his report at the Chicago Convention in 1920, Mr. Rain recommended the appointment of a special committee to investigate the advisability of erecting a memorial to the Elks who served in the first World War, and also the advisability of establishing a national publication. The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago and *The Elks Magazine* are the direct result of that action. Mr. Rain served as a member of the National Memorial and Publication Commission and its predecessor body from 1921 until his death. From 1938 to the time of his passing he was Secretary and Treasurer of the Commission.

Immediately after the close of the Memorial Service, officers and members of Fairbury Lodge, with many lifelong friends of Mr. Rain, assembled at McNish Park for the dedication of the memorial

authorized and constructed by the Grand Lodge in memory of its Past Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Campbell presided. The memorial was unveiled by Mr. Rain's son, Frank M. Rain, Past Exalted Ruler of Fairbury Lodge. The dedicatory address was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336. Also in attendance, representing the Grand Lodge, were Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, and James M. Fitzgerald, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, and Past District Deputy J. C. Travis, Past Exalted Rulers of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39.

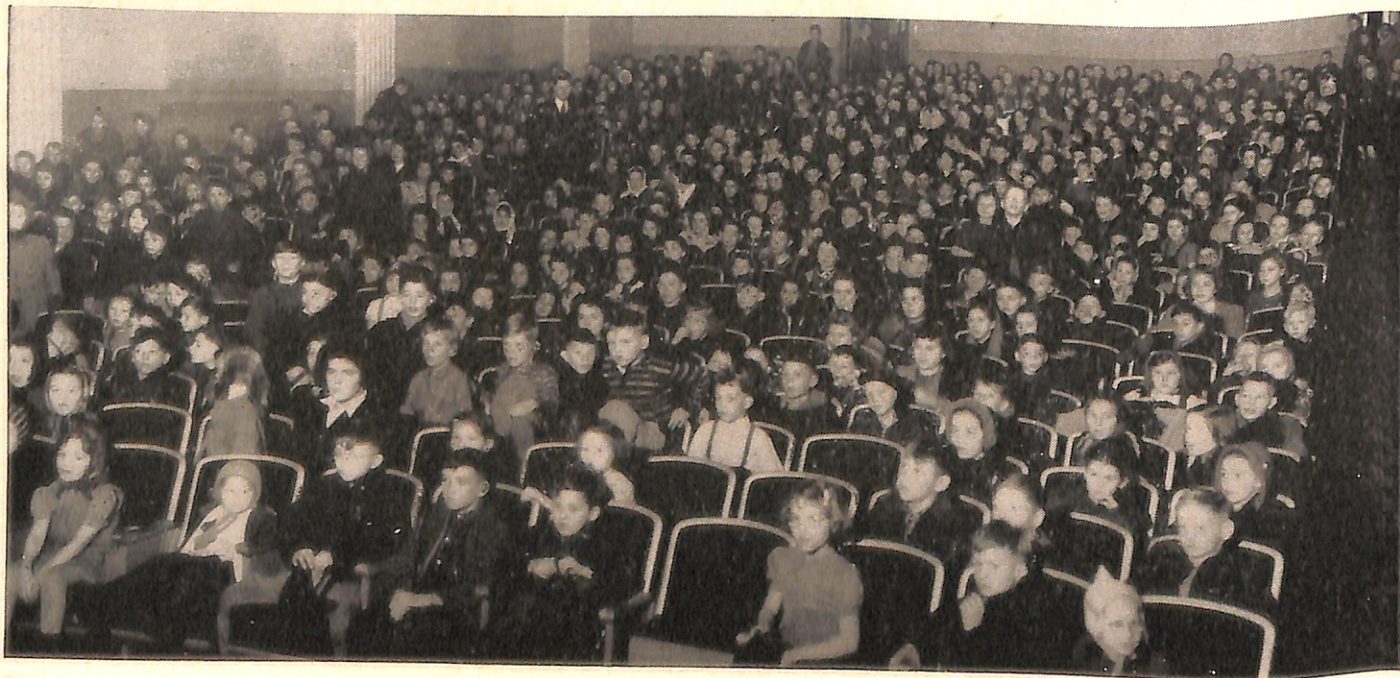
The memorial, in the center of which is a sundial, is in the form of a restful seat or bench constructed of Minnesota rainbow granite. It stands on an elevated point with a commanding view overlooking the park. Mr. Rain was one of those directly responsible for the creation of the beautiful park and deeply interested in its development.

N. Flagg Trio. Greetings were extended by E.R. William Gray. The Toastmaster, P.E.R. George H. Lewis, Jr., P.D.D., then took over. First introduced was Mayor William P. Barber. His welcoming speech was followed by an outline of the lodge's financial history given by

P.E.R. Lucius P. Merriam. The Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Malley were the principal speakers. Mr. Sullivan spoke

Below are children who attended the annual theatre party given for them by Minot, N. D., Lodge.

of the lodge's splendid record of accomplishment in the past and its fine showing in the present war period; the number of Putnam members serving in the U. S. Armed Forces is impressive. Other prominent Elks whose names appeared on the program were John E. Mullen,





Above: The "Fight for Freedom" Class which was recently initiated into Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge.

Right are members and officers of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, shown with the "Fight for Freedom" Class.



Providence, R. I., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, D.D. Mortimer O'Hara, Waterbury, Conn., and D.D. Ambrose H. Lynch, Providence, R. I. P.E.R. Henry N. Benoit acted for the lodge in making several presentations.

The only two charter members of No. 574 now living, P.E.R.'s Byron D. Bugbee and Andrew V. Frost, officiated in the actual burning of the mortgage. Delightful entertainment, presented by radio and vaudeville stars from Hartford, concluded the program. P.E.R. Alexander J. Lepire was General Chairman.

Local Elks Present Equipment to Blue Island Casualty Station

A casualty station has been established at Blue Island, Ill., through the leadership of Mayor John M. Hart and the gift of \$650 worth of equipment from Blue Island Lodge No. 1331. The station is set up in a specially built room in the basement of Whittier School.

Taft, Calif., Lodge Remembers Its Members in the Armed Forces

Sixty members of Taft, Calif., Lodge, No. 1527, are serving in the Armed Forces of the United States. The lodge sent to each of them a generously filled Christmas "G" Box.

Hattiesburg, Miss., Elks Take Charge of Weekly USO Carnival

Hattiesburg, Miss., Lodge, No. 599, has taken charge of the weekly carnivals held for soldiers and their ladies at the Front Street USO every Thursday evening. The eleven games and contests are presided over by sixteen Elks who alternate each week. R. L. McGregor is Chairman. Cigarettes, novelties and refreshments are awarded as prizes.

Wallace, Ida., Lodge Initiates Large "Fight for Freedom" Class

Something of a record for a lodge located in a city with a population of less than 4,000 has been established by Wallace, Ida., Lodge, No. 331. The initiation of its "Fight for Freedom" Class, on November 24, 1942, numbering 53 candi-

dates, brought the membership to 765 and increased the total number of initiates for the year to 108. The administration of E.R. Robert H. Dunn has been highly successful.

Two Official Visits Are Paid the Mother Lodge at Same Meeting

New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was honored recently by the official visits of Joseph J. Haggerty, of Huntington Lodge, District Deputy for the New York, Southeast, District, and H. Alfred Vollmer, Freeport, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association for that district. Both were accompanied by delegations from the district lodges. The East District was also represented.

Formally welcomed by E.R. Pelham St. George Bissell, Mr. Haggerty and Mr. Vollmer addressed the lodge, receiving ovations when they rose to speak. Judge

Below: The "Fight for Freedom" Class initiated by Logansport, Ind., Lodge.





Above at the Carter Hotel in Cleveland are distinguished members of the Order who were present at the initiation of Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge's "Fight for Freedom" Class on the Lodge's 60th Anniversary. Among those present were Mr. Sullivan; Albert H. Fiebach, Imperial Potentate of the Mystic Shrine; E.R. C. Sam Dreyer; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. E. J. McCormick; State Pres. Walter Penry, and D.D. Albert J. Kunsman.



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

DURING the last months of the old year, Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan made many official visits to subordinate lodges. From Battle Creek, Mich., where he made two broadcasts, speaking to the business men of the city at a noonday luncheon and delivering an address at a banquet given in his honor by Battle Creek Lodge No. 131, he went on to Rockford, Ill., where he was entertained at the lodge home by Rockford Lodge No. 64. Among the guests at the banquet, to which ladies were invited, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge,

and Mrs. Warner. Several days later, Mr. Sullivan was the special guest at a reception and dinner given for him by Everett, Mass., Lodge, No. 642. At Burlington, Vt., Burlington Lodge No. 916 gave a reception and a banquet in Mr. Sullivan's honor. P.E.R. Joseph A. McNamara, U.S. Attorney for the State of Vermont, was Toastmaster. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the dinner guests. Among others who spoke at the banquet were U. S. Senator Warren Austin, of Burlington, and Mayor John J. Burns.

Mr. Sullivan's visit to Plattsburg, N. Y.,

Lodge, No. 621, on November 1, was reported in our January issue. On the 8th, he conferred with Exalted Rulers, Esteemed Leading Knights and Secretaries of New Jersey Lodges at a business meeting at Elizabeth Lodge No. 289, called by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, a member of the Elks War Commission. Another member of the Commission, Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, attended the conference and the luncheon given for the officers and Grand Lodge officials.

ON HIS visit to Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 852, on November 9, Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan was the guest at a dinner given in his honor, attended by 350 members and 50 visiting Elks from neighboring lodges. Entertainment included dinner music played by the lodge organist, James J. Case, and vocal numbers by Miss Helen Tappan and Corporal John Graeber, formerly of the Newark Opera Company. The Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued on page 54)

(Continued from page 25)

Or if only he were a little stupid and incapable of doing any better, she could still love him and be satisfied with him here in Guava Grove. But he wasn't stupid. He was as intelligent as any man she had ever known and it was because of this, because he deserved better things, that she wanted him to get ahead. For his own good. If he were to try for promotion in the postal department. . . . But he wouldn't. He was too lazy. Or rather, he wasn't lazy; he just didn't give a darn.

AND then a thought struck her. He gave a darn about her, and she knew it. He was as much in love with her as she was with him. Well, she'd have to make it clear to him, once and for all, that if he was going to marry her, he'd have to show some ambition. If he thought she was worthwhile, he would have to work for her, and this way he would achieve what was best for him.

Ma Honeywell rapped on her door and came in. "Sam White's setting down in the parlor," she said. "I reckon you know who he wants to see."

"Thank you," Mary said. But she hesitated; it might be best to discipline Sam a little, she thought, to refuse to see him tonight so he would know she was really angry. And tomorrow she had to leave for three days in Tampa at the State Teachers' Convention. By the time she got back he should be ready to listen.

"Tell him—" Margy said. Outside the window a mockingbird began to sing. And three days were a long time. . . . "Tell him I'll be down in a few minutes."

There was a full moon and from just under the surface of Bullfrog Creek it shone brighter than it did in the sky. The mockingbird had quit, but a whippoorwill was crying, over and over, his voice sweet as the smell of honeysuckle. They walked the little path that bordered the creek and Sam slid his arm around her, and it wasn't easy to remember her determination to carry on the afternoon's quarrel. The misery in her heart was mixing again with the sweet misery of happiness.

But she had to do it. "Sam, you remember what we were talking about this afternoon?"

"You mean getting married? When are we going to do it?"

"We're not going to be married, unless you're willing to prove you love me."

"Prove it?" Sam said. "How can I prove it when you already know it? I been telling you every chance I got for the last gosh-knows-how-long!"

"You've got to do more than tell me," she said doggedly. "You've got to prove it."

He stopped and looked down at

her. Her hair was darker than the moon-cast shadows; her face was set and determined. You wouldn't think anybody so small and pretty could be so determined. "What do you want me to do?"

"We've talked about it often enough."

"But, honey—"

"It's not for me. It's for yourself, because you are worth so much more than you are doing here."

"But I like it here. I—"

"I'm not going to have another date with you until you make some effort to improve. Until you fix up the store a little, and—"

"And what?"

The memory of that afternoon got the best of her. "And that post office!" she cried. "As long as you run a post office in a barrel I'm through with you!"

She was never as pretty as when she was angry. "All right," Sam said. "I'll build you a regular post

office inside the store, with a window and boxes and a private drop-slot for outgoing mail. I'll have it ready by the time you get back from Tampa."

"You promise?"

"Sure."

But after he had finished kissing her he sighed. "Folks around here ain't going to like it," he said.

SAM saw the strange automobile parked in front of his store, and then as he braked his truck, he saw Margy on the store porch. He let out a yell, jammed the brakes so hard it choked the motor, and was out of the truck before it had quit shaking. He raced up the store steps and made a sweep for Margy with both arms.

She held him off, blushing a little. "Sam! Wait, Sam! This is Mr. Henry Harkins; Sam White."

Mr. Harkins was young and he wore a white suit and a blue tie. He said, "How do you do, Mr. White?"



You are the postmaster Miss Thomas has been telling me about?"

"I reckon I am," Sam said.

Margy said, "Mr. Harkins is the Federal Inspector. I met him in Tampa, and I told him how you had worked to improve this little rural post office since you took it over."

Mr. Harkins said, "I had to make this trip soon, so I took the opportunity to drive Miss Thomas down from Tampa. She tells me you are interested in taking Civil Service examinations and in entering the Postal Service."

"Well," Sam said, "I—"

Margy said, "Open the store, Sam, and show Mr. Harkins how you have fixed things up." She smiled at the inspector. "The post office used to be nothing but a barrel here on the porch with all the mail dumped hodge-podge into it."

Sam said, "Margy, I . . ."

The inspector was saying, "I heard about this post office in a barrel from the former inspector. I don't know why he permitted it. It's strictly contrary to Federal law. There might have been a robbery. Criminal negligence. Your former postmaster might easily have landed in jail."

Margy said, "Mr. White has often said that, haven't you, Sam?"

"Margy, I—I been awfully busy since you left. I—"

Even the inspector could feel the sudden chilling of the atmosphere. Margy was staring at Sam and her face was growing pale even to its tip-tilted nose. "You mean you didn't . . ."

"I haven't had a chance," Sam said. "I swear I haven't. The day you left, Hank Bowman came in and told me he'd seen a mama bobcat with cubs while he was looking for some steers over near Grasshopper. And last year I promised a fellow at Kissimmee I'd get him a bobcat kitten for their zoo. And I wanted to give you one."

"And you never—"

"I meant to. But I just got back." He tried grinning at her. "I got the kittens in the truck though. They're the cutest little boogers you ever saw."

"But Sam!" Her eyes had an almost wild look. "I was so sure. You promised! And the barrel isn't here on the porch any more!"

Sam looked around him. "That's funny," he said. "I reckon somebody must have took it."

The inspector was looking puzzled. "Took what?"

"The post office," Sam said. "Looks like somebody's gone off with it."

"Took the post office! What are you talking about?"

"It's nothing to get excited over," Sam said. "Old Man Wakefield goes off with it every now and then, when I ain't here. He can't read, so he can't tell whether or not he's got any mail. He just loads the post office in his wagon and takes it down to Ma Honeywell's to get her to pick out anything that's for him."

The inspector put a hand to his collar as though it had grown too

tight. "He puts the post office—the whole post office—in his wagon and goes off with it?"

"The barrel," Sam said. "That's all it is. I never had a chance to build that fancy post office that Margy's been telling you about."

The inspector loosened his collar again. "You mean to say that with all the money you handle here, you have continued to dump mail—first class, registered mail, everything—in a barrel? And where anybody can get at it?"

"That's the purpose," Sam said. "So everybody can get at—" He stopped. "What do you mean, all the money I handle? Mrs. Zander sent off a money order for four dollars to Sears Roebuck."

"The money for the cattlemen," the inspector said. "Don't you handle payrolls and money for cattle shipments?"

Sam stared at him for a long while and then turned toward Margy. "Honey, what you been telling this fellow?"

"I thought you were going to have everything fixed," she said. "I wanted it to seem important. . . ."

Willie Pruett, the towheaded kid who had fallen into the barrel three days before, came up on the porch. "Hey, Mr. Sam, ain't them fellows brought back the post office yet?"

"What fellows?"

"Those four fellows in the big automobile. Ma sent me over about three hours ago to see if'n we had any mail, and they was just taking it off."

THE inspector said sharply. "What's this, Mr. White? Who's this that has gone off with the post office?"

"I don't know," Sam said. He was unlocking the door to his store. He stood there without bothering to go in. He could see that the store was in even worse disorder than usual, as though someone had made a hasty search through it. The back door, that was supposed to be locked, stood open.

He turned back to Margy. "Where'd you do this talking to the inspector?" His voice didn't sound the way it usually did. There was no laughter in it.

"We were in a restaurant," the inspector said. His own voice was cool and fast. "What did these four men who took the barrel look like, boy?"

"City fellows," Willie said. "One of 'em was redheaded. And one was hefty. And, boy! That car was a whangdanny!"

"Was he a short, blackhaired man, with wide shoulders?"

"Yeah. He was the one who told the others to carry the barrel."

"Burk O'Hara!" the inspector said. "There was a redhaired man at the table next to us in the restaurant in Tampa. But it never occurred to me then that he might be one of O'Hara's men."

"That must have been their trail I crossed about an hour back," Sam said. "A car with new tires—and

nobody 'round here's got any new ones. It was headed on the short cut going toward the Venus highway." He swung away from them and started rapidly down the steps. "If they don't know this country mighty well, I ought to be able to head them off."

"Wait a minute!" The inspector jumped down the steps and caught Sam's arm. "There are four of them, and armed!"

Sam shook him off. "My shotgun's in the truck."

"A shotgun won't do you any good. And I'm not armed. Wait until—"

Sam was already in the truck. He reached out and pushed away the inspector, who was trying to hold him, and Margy had never seen Sam's face the way it was now. The cheek bones made sharp lines across it and his lips were flat on his teeth, with no laughter in them. "I'm the postmaster," he said, "And nobody's going to rob my post office and get away with it, and I don't care who they are."

The motor of the truck roared, sand spat out from under the wheels, and the truck swung across the road, through the shallow ditch, and across open country. The pines and palmetto clumps swallowed it.

The inspector came running back to where Margy stood, rigid. "Where's the nearest telephone?"

She pointed. "The Palm Filling Station. It's twenty miles."

"I'll call from there. Get men guarding the highways. Try to block them off."

"And Sam—?"

He put his hand on her shoulder. "If you are in love with him," he said, "You'd better hope he doesn't catch up with O'Hara."

Little Willie Pruett said, "He will. Mr. Sam could head off and corner a buzzard in this country."

"I hope not," the inspector said. "Burk O'Hara is a professional murderer. And he's got three men with him."

THE afternoon dragged on for years. The sun was an hour above the pines, and it stayed there. Margy would look away from it, and look back again, thinking surely it must be set by now, and it was high as ever. And the thought which kept gnawing at her mind was: It's my fault. I had to exaggerate, to lie like a little child, because I wanted Sam's job to seem important. Now he's going to be killed, and it's my fault. The sun slid into the pines. The shadows turned purple, and then weren't shadows any more. A breeze made a ruffling in the palms and the whippoorwills began to sing.

Ma Honeywell said, "You come on in and eat your supper. Don't you worry about Sam White. He's going to be all right."

She needed comfort desperately. "Do you really think so? Do you?"

"The Lord looks after fishermen and other fools." But Ma looked away when she said it, and there was

a shade of fear in her voice. "Now you come and eat."

"I can't," Margy said. "I couldn't swallow."

It was dark, with the moon not yet up, and the patch that bordered Bullfrog Creek was visible only because she had walked it so many times. There was the moaning of whippoorwills, and the bellydeeping of frogs, and she could hear the splash of water as the fish fed. She could tell the sound of a bass from the little bright cracking noises of perch because Sam had so often pointed out the difference to her. The night was alive with sounds, when she listened for them, and yet all of them combined to draw the silence tighter and thicker about her.

And now the quiet and the peace was suddenly more dear to her than she had ever thought they could be. Every one of the night sounds was a thing to be loved passionately, almost physically, and all at once she knew it was because now, finally, she understood something of Sam's feeling for this place. "He was happy here," she said aloud. "He was content here. There's not so much happiness or contentment in the world that I should try to destroy some of it."

She went back down the patch. The moon was up, and over the gossip of the frogs she could hear another sound—the hum of motors running fast. Then lights peeled the darkness off the dirt road, and cars came with a rush, and with a grinding of brakes they stopped in front of Ma Honeywell's.

It was the post office inspector and a half-dozen other men, all armed. "We have the highways blocked in every direction, if they haven't already got through," the inspector

said. "We want somebody to take us to this place where Mr. White saw their tracks."

Everybody from 'round about had gathered at Ma Honeywell's. Men volunteered to guide the deputies and women offered advice and there was a babble of voices. No one was looking down the road and the lights of the old truck were dim anyway. It was close on them before Willie Pruett yelled, "Here's Mr. Sam's truck now!"

It pulled up and stopped in the white light of the other cars. Three men got out of the front, holding their hands over their heads. Then Sam got out of the back, grinning and holding his shotgun as though he expected a covey of birds to rise in front of him. "There's another fellow in the back of the truck," Sam said. "But he don't feel like walking."

Margy forgot she was the school teacher. She forgot that nearly all her pupils were gathered around. She forgot everything except that Sam was alive and she wanted to put her arms about him.

There were too many persons pushing around and asking questions for that first moment to last long. But Sam kept his arm around her waist, even after she remembered again how public they were in the light of the cars.

"Wasn't much trouble," Sam was saying. "I headed 'em off near Rainy Slough and parked my car cross the road. When they tried to pull past they got stuck. I was hid in the palmettos."

"But there were four of them," the inspector said. "And all armed!"

Sam laughed. "Wasn't but one of me—and the bobcat kittens. I pitched the kittens over on those fel-

lows and they must have thought they was being attacked by panthers. Did you ever see a man trying to climb a palmetto with one hand and shoot a bobcat with the other? Scared as they were, it wasn't hard to take them. I did have to shoot one in the foot. I loaded him in the back, put the post office in there for me to sit on so I could watch the other three in the cab, and had 'em drive me back."

The inspector's collar was unbuttoned, but he made the gesture of loosening it. "I don't imagine your post office is likely to be robbed again, and after tonight I'm not the man to complain about the way you run it, but well, I have superiors who might not understand. So in case any newspaper photographers, or reporters, should come out here, would you mind not mentioning that the post office is a barrel?"

"It won't be," Sam said. He tightened his arm around Margy's waist. "I'm going to fix it up like I promised. But about that Civil Service examination. Don't you have detectives in the postal service?"

"You might call them that," the inspector said.

"Well, I was thinking. I never hunted anything bigger than a deer before tonight. But it's kind of fun. And I thought—"

Margy spoke up for the first time. "No," she said. "You are going to stay right here."

"But, honey. I thought you wanted me to be ambitious."

She said, "You're ambitious enough to protect what belongs to you. I know that now. For me that's enough." And she didn't mind if the school children were listening. "Because from now on," she said, "I figure that includes me."

The Order's Diamond Jubilee

(Continued from page 6)

marked with a monument stating that Charles Vivian was the Founder of the Order of Elks.

The Elks Magazine for December, 1922, contained this statement about Vivian: "After the Jolly Corks translated themselves into the Order of Elks, and at the first two sessions conducted, Vivian occupied the chair as Right Honorable Primo". Furthermore—in 1898 Meade D. Detweiler, then Grand Exalted Ruler, presented to the Grand Lodge an account of the origin and early history of our Order. By means of interviews with charter members still living, together with exhaustive research, Grand Exalted Ruler Detweiler furnished what is at present the earliest and most authentic record available concerning Charles Vivian's relationship to the Order of Elks. From Brother Detweiler's account, proving that Vivian was one of the signers of the first Constitution and was listed in that document as the presiding offi-

cer after the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks had succeeded the "Jolly Corks", it would seem that Charles Vivian rightly deserves the title of "Founder of the Order". In any event, we may certainly assert that he was the moving spirit of the group responsible for the birth of our Order.

To this small circle of theatrical people who started our Fraternity on its way, Brother William T. Phillips, former Grand Trustee and for many years Secretary of New York Lodge No. 1, wrote this appropriate and beautifully expressed tribute: "They were men of unusual intelligence, widely traveled, of deep earnestness and broad vision. Association in their modest little society had given them a fine conception of the splendid possibilities presented to a new fraternity which would be national in jurisdiction, charitable and benevolent in purpose, and essentially American in membership. Thus actu-

ated and impelled, on February 16, 1868, in New York City, they formally organized the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. The first steps in its development were necessarily hesitant and experimental; but they were set upon the path of a noble dream. Each succeeding stride was made with more confident assurance, and, as the Order grew, it was more and more definitely and wisely moulded into a great instrumentality of humanitarian service."

Two years after the creation of the first lodge in New York City, a movement got under way for the establishment of a lodge in Philadelphia. In order that the organization might thus be extended, it was necessary that the members of New York Lodge, which had been incorporated, should give up all titles and rights in a Grand Lodge. Accordingly, a committee on founding a Grand Lodge was appointed and, on January 1, 1871, offered a resolution

creating such a body. On March 10, 1871, the legislature of the State of New York granted a charter incorporating the Grand Lodge. The Grand Lodge, on that same date, issued a charter to New York Lodge No. 1 and, two days later, one to Philadelphia Lodge No. 2. Our Order was thus branching out. By 1882 there were fourteen lodges, with a membership of 1,806. Of course those figures form a great contrast to our present 1400 lodges, with a membership of more than half a million; but for that reason they serve as an excellent measure of progress. The Order is now incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia by charter dated June 19, 1895, and extended on May 20, 1915, so as to provide corporate powers and existence in perpetuity.

TO GO back in time for just a minute—October 28, 1871 was a memorable date in our history, since on that evening New York Lodge No. 1 held a benefit in the Academy of Music for the aid of the sufferers in the Chicago Fire. So, early in our existence, the example was set for an outstanding service that has always typified our Fraternity—prompt and practical assistance to the needy in times of major catastrophe and misfortune.

In tracing our early history, it is fitting to note the origin of some of the most significant ceremonies and symbols of our Order. For instance—on May 31, 1868, George McDonald, one of the original members, improved upon the informal method of adjournment previously practiced, by suggesting a toast "To Our Absent Brothers". Because the hour of adjournment was usually about eleven o'clock, these words came to be known as the "Eleven O'Clock Toast".

The first Memorial Services were held on February 20, 1870, for a Brother who had recently died. With the death of another member on February 26, a motion was adopted to hold a Lodge of Sorrow on March 20, 1870. This session was marked by an eloquent eulogy, together with an excellent program of music. From that day forth, exercises commemorative of our departed Brothers were held annually.

In 1892, at the Grand Lodge Session in Buffalo, royal purple was adopted as the official color. The official emblem—the dial showing the hour of eleven, with the letters B. P. O. E., the elks head, and the red star—was adopted in 1908 at the Grand Lodge Session in Dallas.

Ours was the first fraternal organization to require by positive mandate that subordinate lodges should observe Flag Day with appropriate ceremonies, June 14 having been designated as Flag Day by resolution of the Philadelphia Session in 1907. Mother's Day, too, we commemorate by special services in all our lodges, an observance instituted by resolution of the Grand Lodge at Boston in 1917.

To attempt to describe in detail all the charitable and welfare activities revealed in our history would necessitate writing lengthy tome after lengthy tome. Suffice it to say that our State Associations and subordinate lodges, free to select their own particular field of endeavor, engage in countless works for good. Christmas and Thanksgiving baskets; the care of crippled children, tubercular patients, and needy families; the furnishing of spectacles, medical and hospital aid; summer camps, playgrounds, children's outings; donations for milk, ice and fuel; the establishment of scholarship funds; the relief of veterans; contributions to such worthy organizations as the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts—these are some of the worthwhile activities undertaken.

Under the guidance and direction of the Grand Lodge, we have originated and developed successfully certain major projects. Mere mention of these is sufficient, for they are all described in the flag booklet prepared especially for initiates, and in the annual reports of the various Grand Lodge officers and committees. The first of these great achievements was the establishment of the Elks National Home. From the original modest building in Bedford, Virginia, the present magnificent Home has grown. The spirit of faithful fraternity is nowhere better exemplified than in this beautiful residence, which provides for our aged and indigent Brothers all the conveniences and comforts of a real home.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE, mailed each month to every member, is published under the direction of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission of five members. Thousands of Elks testify to the new inspiration, the broader view and the better understanding of our Fraternity that have come to them from reading this journal. Besides keeping members in touch with the entire Order and acquainting them with the purposes of Elksdom, the Magazine contains articles and stories by the Nation's foremost writers, together with illustrations by the most noted artists, so that every reader finds in each issue features of special interest to him.

The Elks National Foundation, established at Miami in 1928 and administered by seven Trustees, is a trust fund, accumulated from voluntary gifts and subscriptions and now over \$600,000 in amount, the income from which is used to assist subordinate lodges and State Associations in charitable, benevolent and educational work. This fund is unique in that not a single penny of the principal or income is used for administrative purposes. All such expenses are paid by the Grand Lodge, leaving the principal intact and the income available in its entirety for good works. This Foundation is an all-time endeavor and every member can

make certain that he will participate perpetually in the charities and kindly deeds of our Order by making a gift to the Foundation in any amount or by inserting an appropriate bequest in his will.

THE Elks National Memorial Building in Chicago, majestic and superbly beautiful, represents the achievement of a shining vision. To quote the flag booklet: "Truly a great dream has been realized in the beauty that has here been wrought. Truly a great purpose has been achieved, in that all who behold it (the building), and realize its patriotic and fraternal significance, are inevitably inspired to higher and nobler concepts of service to country and to humanity."

The Memorial Building, erected to do reverence to the more than seventy thousand of our Brothers who served their country during the first World War, stands as an everlasting monument to the work of our Order during that conflict. The glowing record of our loyalty and patriotism, under the direction of the Elks National War Relief Commission, is spread upon the pages of the flag booklet. It may be noted here that we provided and equipped the first two American base hospital units in France, together with the first reconstruction hospital in this country, and that we fostered campaigns for raising funds for the Salvation Army with such great success that Commander Evangeline Booth told our representatives gathered in Atlantic City for the 1918 Session: "... Our organization could not have achieved its exceptional success in this War, but for the splendid, practical, tangible aid that was rendered to us by the Elks". In addition, ours was the first fraternal association whose aid was sought by the United States Government in the movement for food conservation. The War Commission also provided vocational training for disabled soldiers, and, from a revolving fund, lent money to nearly forty thousand returned soldiers. From General Pershing, from high officials of the Government, from executive heads of other organizations and from the thousands of men in the service who were aided by the Elks, there poured in testimonials of praise and appreciation for the work of our Order in the first World War.

AND now another deadly war is casting its black shadow across the globe, dimming the lights of the whole world. With a seventy-five-year tradition of service to our country deeply engraved in all our hearts, we as an Order once more march to the fore in this gigantic struggle for the freedom of mankind everywhere. It is only natural that, up to the time of this writing, almost ten percent of our subordinate lodge membership is serving in the armed forces; that our lodges have purchased approximately ten million dollars worth of War Bonds. It is natural, too, that

a War Commission was appointed, in order that the War efforts of our 1400 lodges might be coordinated. This Commission of nine members administers the moneys contributed by lodges and individuals to the Elks War Fund—gifts which, at this writing, have reached a total of almost \$300,000.

Outstanding among the activities directed by the War Commission are: the "Keep 'Em Flying!", the Hospitality Card, and the "G" Box programs; the evacuation of children from war zones; the "Write 'Em a Letter" and the disabled men's slipper campaigns, and the establishment of Elks Fraternal Centers. Every day sees enthusiastic reports of war work piling into the Commission offices from our lodges engaged in

these projects. Details of the work of the Commission were published in that committee's report for the past year, and were also reprinted in the Proceedings of the Omaha Session of the Grand Lodge. For further information about war work, readers are referred to the Commission's circulars and publicity, constantly being mailed to lodges and being published each month in *The Elks Magazine*.

Our Order is thus observing its Diamond Jubilee by "carrying on" in a national crisis. For seventy-five years our proud and honorable Fraternity—always a determining factor in solving the problems confronting America—has attracted to its membership men who reckon loyalty to country and devotion to humanity

their most precious heritages. Today every Elk is resolved to sacrifice his life, if need be, to make the world a better place in which to live. The celebration of the Diamond Jubilee will quicken his pulse and stir his heart; it will strengthen him in his resolve. In commemorating seventy-five years of glorious achievement, we members of the Elks—more than 500,000 American citizens—are once again seizing the opportunity to pledge ourselves to the service of God, our country and our fellowman. We know full well that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, through its unselfish ideals and goodly deeds, constitutes enduring and powerful proof of the truth of Victor Hugo's words, "It is through fraternity that liberty is saved".

Tell Me About Tokyo

(Continued from page 11)

kissed her hard and full upon the mouth, and I remembered that in her first shocked surprise she was like steel. Then her lips softened, though her hands still beat against my chest.

I dropped my arms and stood back. There was blue fire in her eyes, but I remember best that funny little cluster of freckles on the bridge of her nose. They at least seemed neutral.

"No explanations," I said, and beat it up the stairs to my room. For some reason or other I was singing Jingle, Jangle, Jingle before I reached the head of the steps.

Dinner was early that evening, because my father had to stand the six-to-midnight watch at the air post. He looked tired and subdued. I said, "I'll be glad to take your watch for you tonight, sir."

"Thanks, Billy. But I enjoy it. See you in the morning."

We were alone again, Gay and myself. Jingle, Jangle, Jingle. For the first time in my life I glimpsed uncertainty in her eyes. Somehow that only served to increase my elation.

"Still no explanations," I told her. "Has it occurred to you, Miss Winfree, that you missed the satisfaction of slapping me?"

One moment her eyes snapped; the next, they were drowned in sudden tears. I felt like a skunk. In nothing flat I dashed around the table, lifted her to her feet, and held her close. If I remember correctly, I was begging her not to cry. She put that innocent-looking left hand of hers flutteringly to my chest. Then she gave a sudden shove with it. No, she didn't slap me. She just knocked heck out of me with her right fist. And this time it was she who went fast up the stairs.

Above me a door slammed. I stood fingering the spot on my jaw with which her fist had connected. The most delicious, throbbing ache had set up business there. I felt fine.

Outside, the wind that had been

monkeying around all day began to blow in earnest. Suddenly I wanted to walk in that wind. Letting myself out of the house, I strode along the street and felt as gusty as the wind itself.

Night came on fast, with distant thunder playing an accompaniment. I thought of my father and abruptly changed direction. The air station, a little one-room affair, was perched upon a small, treeless hill back of town. My father sat in a chair just outside the door. At sight of me his eyes lighted and I needed no diagram to show me that he was tremendously glad I had come to visit.

"You look excited," he said as he fetched another chair.

"Right on the nose, sir," I said. "Why shouldn't I be? In the last year I've done some growing up, I've just had a brisk walk, and I'm in love with Gay."

"The—the heck you say! What does she—I mean what's she think about it?"

"Currently," I told him, "I'm afraid she considers me one of the world's mistakes."

"But you're still excited?"

"You bet!"

I made him put away his pipe and take one of my cigarettes. Once I think I heard him chuckle, and suddenly things were easier between us, there in the gathering dark with the wind riding high and a storm mumbly 'way off in the distance.

A plane thundered over. My father squinted at its lights, said, "Unh-huh," and went inside. I heard him at the telephone, "Army flash five-two-R... Flash. One. Bi-motored. High. Seen. Katherine Ten. Overhead. North."

Rejoining me, he dropped into his chair. A small-town guy in a baggy gray suit. Decidedly nondescript except for his hard-blue eyes and the gray-streaked mustache that was always bristling. I remembered how in the old days I'd been ashamed of him; ashamed of the way he dressed,

of how he always wanted to run things, of the way he never failed to support violently the wrong candidate in political races.

Now I wasn't ashamed; at least, not of him. Just seeing him sitting there listening and peering into the sky did something exciting to me. For the first time in my life I was suddenly humble.

"I'm sorry, Dad, about the Lions Club. I—I'm no good at that sort of thing—but I could have gone with you and said a few words anyway."

"It's all right," he told me. "Let the fellows that can't fly bombers make the speeches."

It was the nicest thing he could have said to me. Our eyes met and at that moment I think we began to understand each other. Then the rain came, hard and splashing, and we moved inside. And inside it was pleasant, like a snug, untouched little island in the midst of the storm.

"What the devil do you want, Joe?" my father demanded, and I looked up to see Joe Pierson dripping in the doorway.

"I come by the house, Bill," said Joe, in that explosive voice of his, "b-b-but you wasn't there. Gay s-said maybe you was here. I told you, Bill, I might t-tell you somethin' sometime."

"Okay, Joe, what do you know?" But somehow I didn't feel as casual as my words sounded. All at once the short hairs on the back of my neck rose like dog bristles.

"A man," said Joe, "come to G-g-George Hinkle's last night. Rapped on the back door. G-g-George let him in. Been there ever since, 'cause I been w-watchin'."

I started to laugh and couldn't. The dog bristles wouldn't let me. My father didn't even start to laugh. He was out of his chair in a flash and had Joe by the sleeve.

"The radio last night," he snapped over his shoulder to me. "All right, Joe, tell it all!"

Joe told it. He'd been prowling

'round the docks last night, a habit of his. A man he'd never seen before had come from the direction of the wooded point north of town. The man was wet and disheveled, but there'd been no rain last night. Unseen, Joe had followed him. The man had gone straight to Hinkle's. George Hinkle had come to the door with a flashlight. They disappeared inside. Joe hung around till nearly dawn, but the house remained dark and silent.

"G-George never even turned on no light for the feller to ch-change his clothes by," Joe stuttered.

It was crazy, utterly crazy. Yet in this day and time anything might happen. Perhaps it was just crazy enough to be true. I looked at my father. He was breathing hard and his eyes glittered. I felt cold chills racing along my spine.

"Why the Sam Hill didn't you let us know before now?"

"G-generally don't tell the things I see. But Bill, he promised to tell me about T-tokyo some time."

My father's breath came faster than ever. "Joe! You stay here at the post till Cap'n Harkins comes on at twelve. Tell him where we've gone. Then, if he follows us, you still stay here till somebody relieves you. If a plane comes over, call the operator—call Miss Evelyn, see?—and give her all the information you can about the plane. She'll relay the message to the filter center."

WE DIDN'T go home for Oscar. We just ran down the hill in the driving rain. The last light but one winked out and the town slept. That one light glowed weakly against the drawn shade of the bedroom in George Hinkle's tiny cottage.

Of course, there was no choice about reporting the matter to the law, because in St. Thomas George Hinkle himself was the law. But I said, "Hadh't we better wake Cap'n Harkins and some others?"

"No," my father snapped. "Haven't got time."

It was probably true that we had not a minute to lose. But I had a sneaking suspicion that this was just another instance when my father wanted to manage the whole show. I rather admired him for it. Then I thought of something and the jitters swarmed over me. But, as if reading my thoughts, my dad hauled his ancient Colt revolver out of his pocket. "I've been packing this thing at night ever since Pearl Harbor," he whispered savagely.

Any other time I would have laughed. I didn't now. That remark was so typical of him, so typical of his wary, salty, hard-bitten self. The action was typical, too, and it came in handy tonight, didn't it?

A pair of half-drowned ghosts, we crept to that lighted window and listened. But the window itself was down as tight as the shade and we heard only a vague hum of voices. My father nodded toward the rear. We traveled on stealthy feet.

"Be a heck of a note," I whispered,

"if this thing blows up in our faces."

My father growled, "One thing Joe Pierson doesn't do is lie. Anyway I'd rather be proved a fool than overlook anything."

Of course George Hinkle's back door was locked. So were the windows. But the windows were as cheap as George Hinkle himself and I gouged out some putty with my knife, finally lifted out a pane, unlatched the window, hoisted it and slid over the sill.

Nash, senior, came after me. In the dark we felt our way to the door opening into the hall. A slice of light gleamed under the bedroom door. We crept to that door and halted, and luck was with us, because a precise, authoritative voice picked that moment to say, "Of course, Hinkle, your maps of this locality are worthless to us. However, you were on the job last night according to instructions. Rest assured we'll remember it and call on you again if necessary. Now if you can get me into Washington tonight, you'll be worth your weight in gold."

"I'll get you there, Mr. Fischer," said George Hinkle, "and be back here before daylight." He chuckled. "I stored some gas 'way back in April. I—"

We never knew what else he was going to say, because at that moment my father rammed the door open and plunged into the room. I was right at his heels. Both men sprang to their feet. Fischer was quick enough and cool enough to assume instantly a look of outraged indignation. But poor George Hinkle gave himself away completely. He threw both hands before his eyes and staggered back until the wall stopped him. You could almost see the oiliness seeping out of him.

I looked again at Fischer, thin and wiry, in the center of the room. His expression had changed; he knew the jig was up. I'd heard of livid faces. Now I saw one. But he made one final bluff.

"Is this a game?"

"Could be," said my old man. "Anyway it's our bat now. Bill!" I jumped at the crack of his voice and it gave me intense pleasure to rough the boys just a fraction as I frisked them. From George I took his police revolver and from Fischer a short, ruthless-looking automatic. My father spoke again, "Get George's car out, Bill. Gentlemen, if you'll just goosetep in front of me—and the man who makes a break will be the first man I ever shot in the back."

He was as cool as a carload of cucumbers and, at that moment, as dangerous as a barrel of rattlesnakes.

We took them to our house. That was my father's idea. I guess it wasn't so hot, but we couldn't know that then. Gay came running down the stairs to let us in, and she didn't faint when my dad marched Hinkle and Fischer inside at the point of his gun.

"Spy hunt," I told her. "The

Nashes are in the war, you know. You look cute in pajamas."

"Shut up," my father said. "Gay, get on the telephone and call the State Police. Then call the F. B. I. in Washington. Hell, call the President!"

"Quick, darling," I said.

Turning, I noticed Fischer's hand. It came slowly, craftily, out of his pocket. Well, there was no harm in that, because I'd gone over him with a fine-tooth comb looking for weapons other than the automatic. But there was something sinister about the way his hand moved. Suddenly it darted upward to his mouth. I saw him swallow convulsively. A look of vindictive triumph flashed over his face.

My father and I stared open-mouthed. Fischer stood rigid. Then suddenly he swayed, his knees bent, and he crumpled to the floor.

"Well!" said my father. "If I'd known he was going to do that, I'd have shot him first!"

He dropped to his knees on the rug beside Fischer. I started to join him. Oh, we were both a couple of chumps. Fischer smashed his fist down upon my dad's wrist. The revolver flew out of Dad's hand. Fischer grabbed it. The next instant he was on his feet and had Gay, my father, and myself standing against the wall. George Hinkle relieved me of his own gun and Fischer's automatic.

"That was the smartest trick I ever saw," said George Hinkle. "But—but what're we going to—do with 'em now, Mr. Fischer?"

"It's Captain Fischer, Hinkle," the saboteur said coldly. "Do with them? You have a boat, Hinkle. Use your imagination."

GEORGE HINKLE probably had very little imagination to use. But my own was in high gear; in fact, it was running wild. The excellent captain intended to load us on Hinkle's motor cruiser. A safe distance out in the Bay there'd be three careful shots and then three weight-cared bodies cast overboard. Efficiency plus.

I had almost to admire the captain. He was the fastest thinker it had ever been my misfortune to encounter. A meager smile tickled its counter. A meager smile tickled its way along his thin, steadfast lips. He gestured dramatically toward the door.

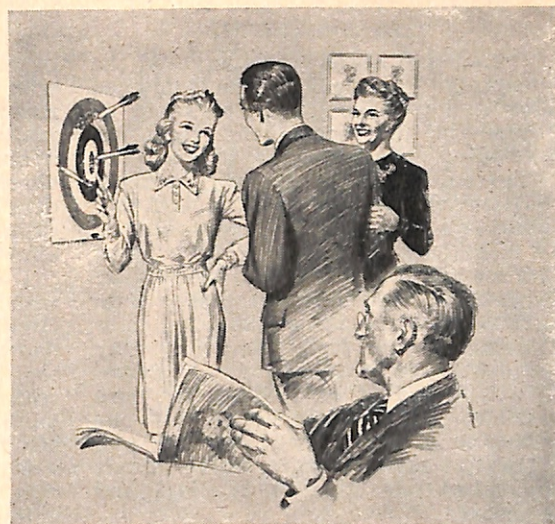
And there we were, three people who were going to die. We looked at each other. Instinctively and simultaneously my father and I moved closer together, and Gay squeezed in between us. The captain gestured again, impatiently.

Then my father broke the ghastly silence, and his voice was the voice of an old, mellow bugle. "It isn't done over here, Fischer. I'm no sheep to be led out in the rain to the slaughter house. If I'm going to die, I'm going to die here at home, in comfort."

"What?" the captain demanded.

My father said, "I—just—ain't—going and that's that!"

Times like these teach us a new gratitude for the simple things in life. A quiet evening of rest, a friendly game with a next door neighbor, good talk, good refreshment, these make a welcome interlude of sanity in a seething world. For millions of Americans that interlude becomes calmer, happier, more content with a glass of friendly Schlitz.



Just the kiss of the hops—all of the delicate flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz. In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!



THE BEER THAT
MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

And that statement staggered the captain. For the first time it dawned on him that he'd have to shoot us here in the house and take his chances. A couple of philosophies had collided. His and my father's. His would have told him to obey. My father's said, *You only die once.*

The captain stood on the edge of the rug, stood quite still making up his mind. The Nashes and Miss Winfree faced him across that rug, their backs to the wall. Suddenly Gay stooped and went through the homely business of scratching her bare ankle. The captain threw her one vacant glance. Then, so fast you barely saw them, Gay's hands grabbed our edge of the rug and jerked.

As I have hinted, the captain was not a heavy man, and Gay is a remarkably strong young woman. She gave that rug all she had in the way

of might and fury. Fischer's heels shot into the air. At that instant I rushed him. Falling, the captain managed to fire the gun only once. Wind from the bullet fanned my cheek. He landed hard on his shoulders and the back of his head. Stunned, he made only one feeble effort to cling to the gun.

I wrenched it out of his hand and whirled to take care of George Hinkle. I needn't have hurried. My dad had not been idle, either. George, too, I discovered, had kept a date with the floor and my father's right hand was a mass of bruised and bleeding knuckles. I looked at that wonderful Winfree girl, and I said, "Oh, you sugar! But weren't you going to make a couple of telephone calls?"

WASHINGTON sent for us as witnesses. There was bright sun-

light after the storm and Oscar ferried us along on his best behavior. I did the driving, with Gay beside me. Father, Cap'n Harkins, and Joe Pierson rode in the back. Joe was having the time of his life.

"B-b-bill," he exploded, "I betcha you and your p-p-pop never have no more fights!"

"Good bet, Joe," said my father, smiling at him.

Halfway to Washington we stopped at a country store. The three back-seat members went in to get cokes. Gay and I remained in the car for reasons of our own. My dad threw us a smug look over his shoulder.

"Well?" I said.

"Well?" said Gay.

Our passengers returned. My dad and Cap'n Harkins grinned. But Joe Pierson shot me a look of utter disgust. "Bill," he snorted, "you've got l-l-lipstick all over your face!"

Concerto for a Copper

(Continued from page 15)

about the Art of Self-Defense for the simple reason that he is always on the offense. Nevertheless, he knows all the protections against such cute devices as butting, gouging and kneeling. But usually he just brodericks 'em.

Once, Johnny apprehended a payroll thief accused of taking part in several hotel robberies. Though his right hand was in a plaster-cast as the result of a recent bout, his left hand alone was sufficient to overcome the thief. Johnny has had his knuckles broken so often that the Columbia University Medical School exhibited his hands to the students to demonstrate the ability of bones to heal by themselves. X-Rays showed seventeen fractures in all.

Several years before Jack "Legs" Diamond was murdered in bed, Diamond announced to the demi-monde of the Main Stem one night that he was "out to get Johnny Broderick". He must have been taking shots in the arm, for no one in his right mind would have openly declared such an intention. Anyway, the gangster and his entourage of low fellows went from one nightspot to another, announcing at each stop that they were going to take "that flatfoot" for a ride. The word spread around quickly, until it reached Broderick's ears.

Now the hunted turned hunter—Broderick began looking for "Legs". As he stalked the Broadway area in search of his would-be assailant, he collected a gallery of over one hundred people, who expected to see a battle royal. Johnny finally caught up with Diamond on Forty-sixth Street, west of Broadway. At his appearance, the gangster's bodyguards ran like frightened rabbits. Broderick now addressed Diamond, who was resplendent in a monkey suit, "I understand you're gonna take me for a ride." "Ah, listen, can't you take a joke, Johnny?"

pleaded the so-called tough guy. "Not from you!" said the detective, and smacked Diamond just once. From his sitting position on the sidewalk, Diamond rubbed his jaw, refusing to get up. "Get up and fight!" taunted Broderick. Diamond just shook his head while the crowd booed. "So you won't get up? Well, sit there a minute." Then Broderick took an ashcan full of the refuse of a restaurant's kitchen and clamped it over Diamond's head. The liquid garbage dripped from his hair down over his face and onto his expensive evening attire. The feared mobster just sat on the sidewalk and took it.

Louis Bickhofer was another New York criminal who made the mistake of tangling with Broderick. While out on parole, he was arrested by Broderick for violating his parole. Immediately, Bickhofer charged that in the arrest Broderick had treated him so roughly that he was crippled for life. Specifically he charged that Johnny had "fractured my ribs, crushed a bone in my knee and dislocated my jaw". Johnny admitted that he had indulged in a broderick or two in the course of arresting Louis, but he was able to prove that the injuries complained of were old ones, according to Sing Sing records. The inference is that Bickhofer suffered a relapse of broken bones upon meeting Broderick.

JOHNNY won exoneration of the parolee's charge from Commissioner Valentine, but he was angry at Bickhofer for the blot on his good name. Therefore, it was with particular relish that he tackled the assignment of bringing in Bickhofer when the State Parole Board regained its custody of him. Bickhofer had a broken left arm when Johnny brought him to headquarters. According to the record, he got it falling on the ice a few days before.

Perhaps the highest tribute to Broderick's particular brand of roughhouse came from Jack Dempsey, who said, "Johnny is the only man in the world I'd hate to tangle with in an alley brawl." When the Champ himself needed a bodyguard, he picked Broderick. That was during the period when the Champ was besieged by summonses and court orders from his ex-manager, Jack Kearns. Every time a constable came to subpoena Dempsey in order to tie up his winnings, Broderick would heave him out. Kearns sent bigger and stronger constables—several dozens of them—but the bigger they were, the more fun Johnny had in giving them the bum's rush.

Johnny (believe it or not) has lost a couple of decisions in his lifetime. In fact, the latest beating he took was from a woman. Broderick arrested a certain Edith Lyons, thirty-two years old and attractive, in the lobby of a midtown hotel. The charge was swiping several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry from a man. This woman presented a new problem to Johnny; she screamed and kicked. At length, after several protestations, Johnny decided to forego the procedure of fingerprinting. In his defense, Johnny later told the court, "She said that if I tried to force her to give her fingerprints, she'd lie on the floor and hold her coat over her head so she couldn't be photographed either. What could I do? You know I'm a gentleman."

In fact, one of Johnny's deepest streaks is his respect for womanhood. His gallantry got him into one of the sweetest fights in the checkered history of the New York Police Department. He received word that some muggs were annoying some women on their way to church. Johnny, a good Catholic besides a respecter of American womanhood, found that the muggs were hiding in

a certain poolroom. As soon as he strode into the place, he had to duck a pool ball that sailed at his head. Quickly, he grabbed a cue. With the heavy end he warded off several other billiard balls. After he counted off fifteen billiard balls and one cue ball, he dropped the cue and sailed in. The worthies from that point on became respecters of American womanhood.

ABOUT ten years ago, Johnny received an anonymous phone call in which he was dared to come to a certain joint out on Long Island. Broderick was alone, since his partner, Cordes, was out having dinner. But Johnny was never one to flinch from danger. After leaving a note for Cordes with the address of the place, he went out to the Island. The fact that there were sixteen toughies awaiting him was rather a tribute to his physical prowess, Broderick thought. Anyway, he spat on his hands and tore into the whole mob.

It would be untrue to report that he disposed of the entire mob single-handed. The miracle is that, when Cordes arrived with the squad car, Johnny was still on his feet and exchanging blows with twelve of the original sixteen assailants.

Around the Police Department it is rumored that the only brawl Johnny ever lost to a single man was with Detective Barney Ruditzky, another fabulous cop. Maybe Johnny had an off-day, or maybe the story just

isn't true—no one will swear to it—but this is the way it goes: Johnny said something out of turn to Ruditzky, who is a dock-walloper in his own right. Barney asked Johnny to step outside in back of the police fire house. According to the boys on the force, Ruditzky was the first to return. Still, so far as the underworld goes, Johnny's record is 100 percent perfect: he never lost a scrap to a lawbreaker.

The ace trouble-shooter of the New York cops has a face that's as Irish as a St. Patrick's Day parade. The toughness of it comes from Johnny's habit of speaking out of the side of his mouth, giving a kind of Edward G. Robinson flavor to his features. Of course, there is the flattened nose, but in Johnny's case it gives him a puckish look instead of a tough one. When he shakes hands with you he pulls you forward to test your strength.

Last April, Walter Winchell reported in his column that Broderick had turned down a \$100,000 offer from MGM, saying he preferred to remain on the New York police force at eighty a week. But even if Johnny has never been on the screen in person, his character certainly has. His career was the inspiration for at least two gangster movies—"Broadway" and "Bullets or Ballots". But Broderick is scornful of these picturizations of himself. When he saw Eddie Robinson smoke a cigarette in the latter picture, he snorted, "Gosh,

I never touch those coffin-nails".

A total abstainer when it comes to liquor and nicotine, Johnny nevertheless has one weakness: clothes. He takes as much care in selecting a necktie as he does in tracking down public enemies. He would rather be caught dead than be found attired in a suit that didn't look as though he'd been poured into it. And he goes in for colors, too—riotous greens and reds and yellows. Every day is a Day At The Races for Johnny, sartorially speaking. Most of the time he sports a carnation or a colored handkerchief, and he has been known to have broken out with both. His shirts, pajamas and handkerchiefs are all silk and all monogrammed. His fedora is always set at the rakish angle befitting a Duke of New York. The title has stuck, by the way, because of his elegance in dress: Johnny Broderick is "Duke" to all his pals.

JOHNNY keeps in perfect physical shape. Though he may be Duke to his pals, he knows that it is to his real dukes that he owes his career, his fame and his bi-weekly check from the city. That's why he trains at Stillman's gymnasium, the home of New York pugilism, at least a couple of times a week. His physical alertness is uncanny. He doesn't move from his original position through six hours of sleep, and one sound is enough to rouse him. His wife claims positively that Johnny

TOUGHNESS GETS THE "FREEZE"—SAY THE 5 CROWNS



HERE'S how to treat
TOUGHNESS, we think—
Get rid of the pest—
let him sink!

Sip 5 Crown and see
If you don't agree
It's smoother—
more pleasant to drink!

In the FAMOUS
Host BOTTLE



THE FINER Seagram's 5 Crown

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

actually sleeps with his eyes open.

Besides his highly individual exploits in the lower strata of society, Johnny has been in on some of the most spectacular pinches in New York's gang history. When "Two Gun" Crowley was holding at bay three hundred of New York's Finest from a window in an uptown apartment, it was Johnny who first broke through the door. Johnny walked up in full view of the desperado and banged on the door. "Hey, Crowley, you're licked!" he shouted. "Why don't you be smart?" Crowley answered through the door, "You know me, Johnny. You know the only way I'll come out is shooting both barrels." "You're jerky," Johnny said. "Look what I'm gonna do—I'll go around the block for two hours. You better be out by then, or I'll come in and get you."

Johnny disappeared for two hours. At the end of the period of grace, Crowley had not given himself up. The detective battered down the door and jumped inside the room where Crowley was standing with both guns in readiness. "Stay where you are, you runt!" he yelled. While Crowley hesitated, Johnny clipped him, and that was that.

Ordinarily, Johnny has no such patience with criminals. Two hours is too long to waste on one mugg. A couple of years later, the police were laying siege to a house in Queens in which a criminal was hiding. This gentleman's name was Duffy—"Tough Willie" Duffy—and he was wanted for a \$16,000 bank holdup. For thirty-six hours the cops besieged the house, as though it were a medieval fortress. When Broderick heard of this waste of time, he was disgusted. He rushed out to Queens, looked over the situation and walked around to the back of the house. Gently, he knocked on the door. "Telegram for you, Mr. Duffy," he said in his most boyish tone. When Duffy opened the door there was a gun planted in his ribs.

IT IS said that if you stand for a long enough time in front of the old Lindy's on Broadway at Fiftieth Street you will eventually meet everyone in New York City. However exaggerated this belief, it is none the less true that Johnny Broderick, from years of keeping a sharp eye on the Broadway midtown area, has come to know almost every type of person. He mingles easily with high and low, rich and poor, sharpies and suckers. In fact, he gets along fine with everyone except the crooks. Despite his hardness, he has been found affable enough to act as bodyguard for Queen Marie of Rumania, King Albert of Belgium, August Heckscher and Peggy Hopkins Joyce, as well as the above-mentioned Tex Rickard and Jack Dempsey. Several years before entering the Police Department, he was Samuel Gompers' bodyguard. The old labor leader took a distinct liking to the rough and ready young delegate from the Teamsters' Union.

On November 3, 1926, three veteran holdupniks—Red McKenna, Hy-mie Amberg and Bobby Berg—broke out of their cells in the Tombs building, shot down the warden in cold blood and burst out of the prison gates. A riot call brought every available copper to the scene. By this time, the thugs had taken a vantage point behind a coal pile just outside the gates. The coal pile also proved to be their snare, for bullets from the policemen's machine guns, rifles and pistols sang all around the trio. Broderick arrived, rushed across to the pile under a hail of fire. But he was too late to recapture the escaped men: two had been killed, and the third committed suicide as soon as he saw Broderick.

Johnny is not only the best dock-walloper on the force—he's also a shrewd apple. He has an uncanny memory for lawbreakers' faces. It is said that his brain has classified every portrait in the Rogue's Gallery. Two years ago, after the Louis-Conn fight, Johnny saw a shifty-eyed individual loitering in front of Lindy's. Johnny told him to be out of town in twenty-four hours. He recognized the face as that of a dope peddler whom he had not laid eyes on since the second Tunney-Dempsey fight.

LIKE every good cop, Johnny has a sort of sixth sense with regard to matters outside the pale of the law. In the summer of 1934, he had a flash of intuition about two chaps driving a car in the west Forties. Without letting his judgment get the upper hand, he jumped on the running-board and swung his fists twice. The car stopped, and two brodericked individuals toppled out. Later the pair confessed to stealing the car.

Johnny made his way up in the police force during the flamboyant Tammany Hall-Jimmy Walker era. Because he was so pally with Mayor Jimmy, the LaGuardia administration decided to discipline him. One of the first acts of General O'Ryan, the newly-appointed police commissioner, was to demote the ace sleuth to an ordinary patrolman. This was bad enough for the man who had been the scourge of crookdom for ten years, but, to make matters worse, he was ordered exiled to Siberia—the name given by policemen to the Astoria, Long Island, beat. It was said in the corners and corridors of public buildings that the reason for his demotion was an over-activity in Democratic party politics not befitting a detective. Whatever the reason, the betting along the Street of Lights was 2 to 1 that Johnny would resign from the force rather than suffer the indignity of a patrolman's beat. But his real friends, the ones who knew him best, willingly took up the bets. The takers knew that Johnny was the type who could take it as well as dish it out. Refusing to allow his admirers to petition the Mayor, The Duke silently shed his gorgeous plumage to don the blue

uniform of a patrolman, and accepted without protest the reduction in salary.

His friends who had predicted Johnny's staying power were right. After four months of pounding the endless stretches of Astoria, Broderick was summoned to General O'Ryan's office at headquarters. The General gave out the following statement to the newspapers: "Patrolman John Broderick has been promoted. He will return to plain-clothes duty as a detective third grade. After meeting Broderick and having an opportunity to observe his work, I find that his morale, despite his demotion, was unimpaired. His commander in his report to me described him as a model cop. He is a type that can do good work for us." One of his first assignments after reinstatement was to get Dutch Schultz, the beer baron, who was in hiding from a charge of evading the income tax.

The only other time Broderick was troubled by higher-ups was when the Dies Committee allowed an ex-Communist Party member to blurt out that Broderick was one of a number of men on the police force who had accepted bribes from Moscow during the 1926 furriers' strike. But the late Chief City Magistrate Joseph V. Corrigan, who had no special love for cops, exonerated Johnny completely. The truth of the matter was that Johnny bashed in heads of both Reds and Right-wingers in that strike, without giving any thought to ideological differences.

In his career as anti-thug expert, Johnny has done lots of traveling. In 1933, he and Johnny Cordes were requisitioned by the Chicago cops to help out at the World's Fair. This was part of a plan to keep on hand detectives from all metropolitan centers who would be in a better position than Windy City sleuths to put the finger on home-grown troublemakers attracted to the exposition. Johnny's trail of crooks has led him far away from New York—to Monte Carlo, Miami, Los Angeles, Rio de Janeiro—not to mention his four months in the trackless wastes of Astoria. On all of these trips, Johnny lived like a Duke. New York City is proud of its cops, and supplied Johnny with an expense account.

Like most coppers, Johnny is a good family man. In his modest home in Queens, he, his daughters and his wife (whom he calls "The Boss") often give a concert of an evening. Needless to say, most of the tunes are Irish.

JOHNNY learned to be tough from birth. He was born in the brawling Gas House district of New York, and to this day he is frequently forced to arrest an old member of his block gang who let the toughness of the neighborhood steer him the wrong way. For a while he attended St. Gabriel's parochial school, but his father's death forced him to become part-breadwinner for the family at the age of twelve. Johnny vividly

remembers his old school days and acts as the popular master of ceremonies at all of the St. Gabriel parish smokers.

The first job he held down was driving a brick truck. Then he switched over to a Burns Brothers coal truck. After a while he rose to be an official in the Teamsters' Union. During the first World War, he joined the Navy, where he learned to box and, incidentally, got his ears pinned back more than once—in the ring. After the Armistice, Johnny took his exams for the firemen. He remained there just nine months, quitting because the life was too quiet for his tempestuous blood. "I got tired of playing checkers all day," he says. In 1923 he went over to the cops, where he has remained as a career man.

If he did nothing but play checkers as a fireman, such was certainly not the case on the police force. A couple of years back, Broderick was in the middle of a brawl that, when described, seems more like a scene out of a Wild West movie than a New York actuality. Broderick and two other detectives decided to close in on a couple of holdup suspects lounging in the high-class lobby of the Park Central Hotel. Several blows were struck, then a free-for-all developed. The hundred or so guests in the lobby misunderstood the nature of the affair, thinking it was a common brawl, and joined in. Chairs flew through the air, tables were overturned and bric-a-brac was indiscriminately smashed. Bellboys, clerks and managers got rough-housed by the guests, the suspects

and each other. Broderick tangled with a couple of bellboys at one point and got clipped from behind with a vase held by an enthusiastic guest. At the end of the mêlée, the Park Central lobby looked as though the New England hurricane had swept through it.

The owner of a restaurant off Broadway once complained to Broderick that three uncouth characters were annoying women in front of his establishment. Broderick smacked all three of them down. He picked up the one nearest him and tossed him through the plate-glass window of the restaurant. Then he arrested all three for malicious destruction of property, forcing the muggs to pay for the breakage. "You needed a new window," he explained to the open-mouthed restaurateur.

Year of the Monkey

(Continued from page 21)

were street demonstrations, police shooting into the crowd—all strangely similar to the Stavisky affair in France, many years later. After an investigation in the Japanese Diet, seven Mitsui directors were convicted to prison terms. Admiral Matsumoto got three years and had to refund his 400,000 yen bribe.

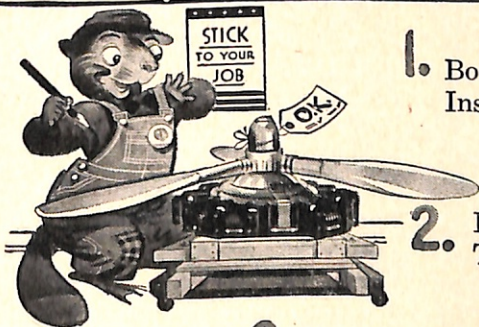
"The whole business was felt to be a public disgrace," A. Morgan Young wrote later, "since directors

of the greatest mercantile firm in Japan and high officers of the Navy, Japan's special pride, were involved . . ." That Tokyo newspapers for years afterward cynically referred to the "Mitsui Club and the like" as "controlling the Foreign Office and the rest", didn't exactly help the popularity of the Mitsuis. Then came their spectacular struggle against their chief competitors, the Mitsubishi business dynasty, which

resulted in a wave of antagonism against the monopoly families.

The Mitsubishi concern is owned by the Iwasaki, Japan's second biggest industrialists. They have no fancy constitution and noble traditions but important banking and financial interests, and were always considered by the Mitsuis as a bunch of *nouveau-riches*. The rivalry is not mere trade competition but rather a fight between industry (Mitsui) and

Wise Rhymes for These Times



1. Bob Beaver works for Victory
Installing plane ignitions . . .

2. Bess Beaver saves up kitchen fat
To help make war munitions.

3. So Bob and Bess together
Are a timely illustration
Of a Happy Blend of virtues—
Yes, a matchless combination!



4. And the same is true of CALVERT—
It's a Happy Blending too, sir.
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finance (Mitsubishi). The struggle between the two dynasties has for years been reflected in the party lines in Japan's Diet. The conservative, nationalistic Seiyukai Party was backed and controlled by the Mitsui; they are aggressive, warminded, imperialistic, pushed forward by the sinister aspirations of the House of Mitsui who wanted new markets for their ever-growing industries, eager to undersell America and Britain in international trade, to expand their profitable empire—even if it meant rising costs of living and managed currency, the end of the small businessman and sweatshops for their workers.

The Minseito Party, on the other hand, favored a more conciliatory foreign policy, in accordance with the cautious financial aims of the Mitsubishi, who were interested in the stability of the yen, economic cooperation and gradual expansion of their banking interests.

THE antagonism broke into an open political battle in 1931. The depression had hit Japan severely; Mitsui trade was reaching a long-time low. The military extremists started the occupation of Manchuria. The Mitsubishi-backed Minseito, in power in the Diet, opposed the war which would create uncertainty and instability. But the Mitsuis needed the war and new markets which victory would bring—so they promoted the war through the most spectacular coup in Japan's political history.

They bribed Kuenzo Adachi, chief secretary of the opposing Minseito, and Home Minister. Adachi refused to attend Cabinet meetings and turned against his Cabinet colleagues with vague threats of "disclosures". Unable to function without its Home Minister, the Minseito-Cabinet was forced to resign. Japanese newspapers openly accused Adachi, early pioneer of Japan's Fascism, of having received more than 2,000,000 yen (then about \$1,000,000) for the successful maneuver that wrecked his own party.

December 13th, 1931, was a lucky day for the House of Mitsui. At long last the funds which they had contributed to the Seiyukai Party paid fat dividends. Making an alliance with the Army and war-supporters, the Seiyukai formed the new Cabinet and immediately took Japan off the gold standard by re-establishment of the gold embargo. For months the Mitsuis had been buying secretly, on a speculative basis, about \$50,000,000 — America was still on the gold standard. When Japan went off gold, their dollar holdings overnight brought them profits of more than 50,000,000 yen, about \$100,000,000.

It was a complete triumph for the Mitsui. The Mitsubishi with their slogan "Stability of the Yen" were hopelessly, definitely licked. Prices soared, food costs went up thirty percent, unrest spread, but all that mattered to the Mitsui was that now they were able to sell more cheaply

their wares—especially cotton-goods—on the world markets.

"To Japan's industry suspension of the gold standard was as welcome as rain after a drought," said Heisaburo Okawa, a leading industrialist.

NEVERTHELESS, it was a Pyrrhic victory for the Mitsuis. The press openly condemned the "coup" and called them "Dollar-Buyers". There was much unfavorable comment about "a boisterous geisha party" of the Mitsui-controlled Association of Kinka Cotton Spinners at Osaka who celebrated even while the little brown men in the streets began to realize that they were paying dearly for the great game of politics between Mitsui and Mitsubishi. The middle classes, farmers and fishermen had suffered from the monetary depreciation and the growth of the trusts. Anonymous pamphlets were found on the streets of Japan's large cities. "Do you know that the Mitsui have been selling barbed wire to our arch-enemy, the 19th Army of China?" asked one. Terrorists organizations were having a field day. On March 5, 1932, Baron Takuma Dan, the Mitsui prime minister, was shot down in front of the Mitsui Building by a young peasant, member of the secret fascist society of the Blood Brotherhood. A year later another Brotherhood member confessed that he had been assigned to kill Dan's successor, Baron Ikeda.

The Mitsuis became panicky. "They are stricken with terror in their hearts," said Ko Tanaka, a Japanese writer. They surrounded themselves with armies of bodyguards. They didn't have a single private plane, railroad car or a yacht, like Western millionaires. Tokyo gossip said that they were afraid to show off their wealth. When a butler applied for a job with a Mitsui family, he was investigated for at least ten months by their private secret police.

EARLY in 1939 I attended a party in the house of Baron Takakimi Mitsui, just a stone's throw from Tansumachi, the center of Tokyo. The Baron lives in a sort of poor man's French Château which every Hollywood mogul would indignantly refuse as too modest. Special detectives and policemen guarded the steel gates like the entrance to a dynamite magazine. Ridiculous safety measures, typical of the Japanese way of exaggerating things, were the characteristic mark of the party. Inside the famous gardens there was an "unobtrusive servant" behind each pagoda, shrine and stone. When a butler took charge of my hat and coat, he passed his hand over my pockets in a gesture too clumsy to be casual. I noted that three ambassadors and a number of high-ranking Japanese officials were treated in exactly the same way. Every person was shadowed by a "gardener" hidden behind the shrubs. The atmosphere was just

about as cheerful as a secret midnight meeting of anarchists in Czarist Russia.

There happened a barely noticed, but significant incident. A French newspaperman stepped toward the Baron Takakimi and suddenly reached into his pocket. At the same instant he was surrounded by four muscular, brutal individuals of the arena-wrestler type.

"Pardonnez-moi," said the Frenchman, with faint surprise, as he took out a small camera. "I just wanted to ask M. le Baron for a snapshot."

Baron Takakimi, man of the Western world as well as Japan, passed off the incident with an embarrassed smile. Tall, stout, about forty-five years old, he would greet each guest with a ceremonial bow, murmuring a variation of the usual "So sorry for my poor English". He looked nervous. A Japanese doctor hissed respectfully through his teeth when he told me that the Baron was "worrying and overworked".

The Baron has plenty to worry about. As a rule war has been a lucrative business with the Mitsuis. They made enormous profits in the Great War. Bullets are made of lead and the Mitsuis control 78 percent of Japan's lead supply. According to figures of the Industrial Bank of Japan, Mitsui-owned heavy and munitions industries showed a gain of 38 percent of profits for the first six months of 1938—after the outbreak of the war in China—against the corresponding period of 1937.

But this is a different war and the Mitsuis are in trouble. They know what happened to the military industrialists, the Krupps and Schneiders, who played the totalitarian game and were swallowed by the military colossus; or to the Thyssens and Rothschilds, who opposed it sooner or later. They discover that the Army extremists whom they have loyally supported, are now openly suggesting that the Army should take over their supply functions and factories; that there should be an end to "industrial profiteering". With war costs mounting in gigantic proportion, the military leaders demand a faster tempo of total economic mobilization than the monopolists are willing to concede. Before he became Prime Minister, General Tojo, in secret Army officers' meetings, frequently condemned "the robbing methods of the monopolists". He is said to be toying with the application of the dreaded article XI of the Mobilization Law:

When it is deemed necessary under the National General Mobilization in time of war, the government may restrict or prohibit establishment of companies, capital increases, amalgamations, changes in purposes of business . . . or may issue necessary orders regarding the disposal of profits, writing off of assets or accounting or management of corporations, or may issue necessary orders against banks, trust companies and other persons . . . regarding

the operation of their funds.

Whether this article merely copes with the wartime emergency or is already a blueprint for a permanent economic "New Order" leading ultimately to complete state socialism, only the future can tell. The Mitsuis now find themselves caught in the middle of a gigantic torrent and there seems to be no way of getting out. As a matter of accuracy, it is impossible to state to what extent they are involved in Japan's present war; but it is a safe guess that they have placed their entire power and wealth behind Japan's most dangerous imperialistic adventure in history.

They blundered. They overlooked the possibility of a conversion of Japan's private capitalism into a regulated totalitarian economy even during the war. Already they are commandeered to build new armament plants, to invest their profits into profitless enterprises, to finance the development of the newly conquered areas. For the first time they are not begged for support but ordered to cooperate—or

else. They made feeble efforts to protest, unwilling to give up their once dominant position but there is little doubt as to how the struggle will end. With Japan's entire economic structure being subjected to state, i.e., army orders, the Mitsuis have no choice but to obey those orders even if they mean hara-kiri to the power of the House of Mitsui.

Under the zodiac of the old Japanese calendar, every twelfth year is the Year of the Monkey. The Japanese word for monkey is *saru*, meaning also "leave, desert, give up". Consequently a good many Japanese believe that the Year of the Monkey always brings disaster, catastrophes, bad luck. The Mitsuis had plenty of bad luck in 1932, the last Year of the Monkey—when Baron Takuma Dan was assassinated and the dollar-buying affair created unfavorable publicity and widespread antagonism.

Superstitious men of the East, they are frightened by the prospect of a far greater disaster which the next Year of the Monkey may bring. And the next Year of the Monkey—remember!—comes in 1944.

Galloping Ghosts

(Continued from page 12)

The recent ruling by the Office of Defense Transportation, to the effect that baseball does not fall in the category of other nonessential businesses, is the guarantee that the major leagues will continue to function. The attitude of the fans was favorable last season when the war was going badly for us and it hardly will change now that the Yankees are at bat and slugging. The people and the Government want baseball to go on. Everything is lovely. But what are the ball clubs going to use for ball players?

At the last count, more than 200 men owned by the sixteen teams—or half their personnel—were in the armed forces. More will go and they cannot be replaced with rookies. By definition, a rookie is a young fellow from a lower league, drawing lowly wages. Young fellows who have little money ordinarily have not gathered families unto themselves. They are; therefore, in the Army, Navy or Marines.

The player shortage is so pronounced in the minor leagues, where youngsters traditionally are developed, that no more than eleven circuits have signified their intention of opening the season, and the chances are a half-dozen will fold by mid-season. In 1940, there were something like forty-six leagues in operation.

The whole proposition boils down to a simple problem in arithmetic. The majors have lost half their players and cannot fill the vacancies since their normal sources of talent no longer exist. Yet to go on, the majors need the same number of players—probably more, if anything, for older men are not as durable and

need more rest than kids. What to do?

The only thing possible under the circumstances: Recall the players who faded from the picture several years ago. What does it matter if they are not fleet of foot, keen of eye or strong of arm? They still know how to play, even if they no longer are capable of playing very well. The fans will be sympathetic and tolerant of mediocrity; they may even welcome the chance to go soft and sentimental over the gallant old-timers who are helping to perpetuate an American institution even if it half-kills them. As it will.

A tentative start toward the Great Reclamation has been made, but it's only the beginning. The Cubs are talking of using Jimmy Foxx as a catcher. Foxx began his career as a catcher nineteen years ago. He never did like the position when he was vigorous and agile and he probably doesn't relish the idea of going behind the plate now—with his sinus condition and his housemaid's knees—but he'll do the best he can and it may be pretty good relatively.

Jimmy Dykes, the round little man who manages the White Sox, retired from the arena as a full-time player seven years ago when he discovered he was in imminent danger of being decapitated by line drives down the third-base line. The boys won't be hitting them so fast and frequently this year and Dykes, at forty-seven, may have another go at it now and then. It's a cinch he'll be better than the groundkeeper, who may be the only other available man for the position.

Circumstances may force Frank Frisch, Pittsburgh manager, to for-

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get occasionally he is forty-five. Joe Cronin, Red Sox manager who retired as an active player only last year, is a cinch to play at least 100 games in his infield. Leo Durocher was given another contract to lead the Dodgers only on condition that he was to prepare to play a full season. Freddy Fitzsimmons, the fat and fortyish Brooklyn coach, was reinstated on the active list as a pitcher after a year's absence.

All these men have been closely connected with the game; we did not have them in mind. When we say the major leagues will go back to the old-timers, we mean the *old* old-timers from *'way back*—men who haven't had a ball or bat in their hands for the last five years except for an occasional game of catch with the neighbors' children.

It was done twenty-five years ago and it will be done on a larger scale as long as this young man's war continues. It may be enlightening to review briefly the effect of World War I on baseball in 1918, then, as now, the second war season, for the courses of action will be parallel.

By the summer of '18 there were 247 major-leaguers in service. Enlistments had been slow the first year, but the rush was accelerated by General Crowder's "Work or Fight" order. Nine minor leagues opened the season but only the International League went down to the wire with the majors to the Labor Day closing. The Pacific Coast League collapsed on July 14 and the American Association followed suit a week later.

The majors surely would have folded too if not for the old pappy guys who hobbled into the yawning gaps left by the departure of the young fellows. In a sense, the season of 1918 was the most ludicrous—and thrilling—baseball ever saw.

First of all, yardsticks of comparative team strength had to be thrown out of the window for the duration, and you might keep this in mind in doping the pennant races coming up. The White Sox, world champions in '17, fell to sixth in the American League in '18 and bounced to the top in '19 when their players returned. The Cubs, fifth in '17, won the National League pennant without Grover Cleveland Alexander, who

was doing all his pitching in France.

Connoisseurs of antiques and early Americana discovered the ball parks were a fascinating field of investigation. The Cardinals called back ancient Bobbie Wallace, who had put in twenty-three years in the big leagues, to play second base. As far back as 1910, John J. McGraw had tied a can to the eccentric Jay Kirke, who played first base by ear. Eight years later McGraw, the perfectionist, was very happy indeed to have Kirke play first base for the Giants.

The Browns tricked out in a monkey suit Lefty Leifield, who supposedly held the lime-bucket for Abner Doubleday when the first diamond was laid out. If you can envision the Senators pitching Walter Johnson today, you will begin to understand what went on a quarter of a century ago. Detroit played Art Griggs, who had been out of the league for six years, at first base, and Cleveland, required under the rules to have someone in right field, used old Smokey Joe Wood out there in 95 games.

THE Yankees had a slow-motion outfield in Ping Bodie, the spaghetti fancier, Ham Hyatt and John Hummel, the two latter heroes having been discarded as pinch-hitters by the National League several years before. The Browns signed Leon Ames, who had passed his pitching peak ten years earlier, and Jimmy Archer, a relic of Chicago's Stone Age, was given employment by the Reds and Pirates. The sad situation was not entirely lacking in wryly humorous twists. Jack Quinn, who had passed out of the majors, was hurriedly recalled and did fairly well. So well, in fact, that he hung around until 1934 when, baseball men swear, he was nearer sixty than fifty.

The classic example of the war hero who remained at home was George Whiteman, who came through with the most spectacular performances in a World Series ever credited to an individual—and you can name every immortal in the Hall of Fame and it still will go. Whiteman had been out of the majors for eleven years when he was bought from Toronto by the Red Sox in 1918. He was washed up, and he looked it during the season, but in the Series with

the Cubs he had six slightly incredible days.

Whiteman figured in every scoring inning the Red Sox had in the six games, saved two games with hair-raising catches off the outfield walls and was directly responsible for prolonging Babe Ruth's streak of pitching twenty-nine consecutive scoreless innings in the World Series.

The gaffer was wonderful in September of '18. The war ended two months later; the young fellows came marching home, and Whiteman marched back to Toronto.

In the last decade, ball players have learned to take better care of themselves than did the old-timers. Furthermore, the improvement in minor-league salaries prompted a larger proportion to continue playing a season or three after they left the majors. Returning to the plush arenas will not involve the terrific physical strain it meant twenty-five years ago and the owners, who can contemplate a fairly successful year, can afford to make the effort worth their while.

We venture to predict the Brooklyn management, for example, could assuage the customers' grief occasioned by the loss of Pete Reiser to the Army by bringing back on a red carpet Mr. Floyd Caves Herman, originator of deathless Dodgermania. The imperishable Babe has been playing in the Pacific Coast League for several years, hitting like a fiend and, all base canards to the contrary, fielding like an angel. The Dodgers might even win the pennant with Herman. He always was a lucky gent. The week after he purchased a turkey farm, President Roosevelt proclaimed an extra Thanksgiving.

Babe Ruth now is forty-eight years old, yet you know he still would be the greatest drawing card in the business if he came back on a limited service. He would give it a try, too, if he didn't have a heart condition and a bad right eye. Last August Babe showed 70,000 worshippers he is capable of hitting a baseball prodigious distances in a brief exhibition appearance against Walter Johnson's pitching in the Yankee Stadium. Johnson, incidentally, looked like more pitcher at fifty-five than half the young squirts masquerading as genuine professionals.

Stop Me If You've Heard This One

(Continued from page 17)

"Well," the Colonel said, mildly, "suppose we have him in and see what the boy has to say for himself. Would you ask my orderly to send for him?"

I thought for a minute that Matthewson was going to say something more. He didn't, but it was perfectly plain to see what he was thinking. He stuck his head out the door and yelled to the orderly in the next room.

The Colonel looked at me and

frankly grinned. I was too surprised to grin back.

The three of us waited there. The Colonel had gone back to his papers. Matthewson was staring out of the window, his face dark and sulky, getting more impatient as the minutes dragged past. I just sat, wishing I were somewhere else.

When Tayloe came in I realized that I knew him. He was an engaging kid that I'd noticed half a dozen times around the field. He had a firm,

square jaw and prominent laugh wrinkles around his mouth. Just now his lips were tense and bloodless, flattened out against his teeth. He stood stiff and straight and held his head high.

"Hello, Tayloe. Matthewson tells me you're having a little trouble getting on the ground."

The kid didn't say anything, but his eyes swiveled to Matthewson. It was a strange look, full of anger—and yet a queer sort of hurt, too. Mat-

thewson kept his back turned. I could see his face from where I sat and I could tell that he wasn't enjoying it any more than I was.

The Colonel didn't seem to mind it a bit.

"Sit down, won't you? What seems to be the matter?"

Taylor waited a moment before he spoke and even then his voice wasn't quite steady.

"I have nothing to say, sir."

"Humm. I see. Nothing at all." He paused. "You're satisfied that your instructor was adequate?"

This time Matthewson couldn't help himself. He swung around abruptly. His eyes met Taylor's for a second.

"I'm satisfied, sir," Taylor said slowly.

"Texas boy, aren't you?" the Colonel asked.

All of us looked at him. He was leaning back in his chair, his eyes on the ceiling.

"Why, yes, sir, I am."

"This ground-shyness is a funny thing. I remember an old story about it that came out of Texas. It's been told a thousand times. Stop me if you've heard it."

Matthewson moved impatiently and sighed audibly.

"Am I keeping you, Matthewson?"

I knew that tone and so did Matthewson. Even at that I thought he was going to make some excuse to get away. He started to say something, stopped, and then said, "No, sir, not at all."

THE Colonel looked at the ceiling again as if he were trying to remember.

"It was just after the war. There was a man down there who'd been quite a lad on the other side. Four or five Jerries to his credit. When the show was over there wasn't much for a regular Army flyer to do—so they made him an instructor.

The Colonel chuckled. "It was quite a come-down for him, at that—from hero to wet-nurse practically overnight—to use your phrase, Matthewson."

The kid caught on that the phrase had been used about him. Matthewson flushed and wouldn't meet his eyes.

"At first he took it out on his students," the Colonel went on. "He'd wash them out for breathing hard. Everybody thought he'd chuck it after a while—get out of the Army—barnstorm around the country as so many of them did in those days. And he would have, too, if it hadn't been for one thing. Somebody got him mad. Somebody told him that the job was too big for him, that he couldn't teach a buzzard to fly in a tailwind. So he decided that every student he got was going to qualify—or else."

I began to wonder just who this object lesson was designed for—young Taylor or Matthewson. Taylor seemed a bit puzzled, too, but there wasn't any doubt in Matthewson's mind. He figured he was being given

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a pretty pointed scolding in front of all of us, and I could see he resented it.

"It became almost an obsession with him. Each new student was an enemy he had to beat. He took it for granted they were all against him, all trying to spoil his record. It was about that time he got this ground-shy youngster. Everybody else had given up on him. He was a perfectly good flyer except for that one thing—and this instructor figured that here was a chance to show them all up."

Well, here it comes, I thought, and found myself hoping that it would work, whatever it was he was trying to get across. But looking at Matthewson and Tayloe, I didn't see much hope for it.

THE Colonel leaned back. "As I remember it, he was pretty loud about saying that he was going to get that student on the ground or kill him trying—and that was just about the way he felt about it. He did one other thing. He told a few people just how he planned to do it. It was pretty drastic treatment. The trainer had dual controls front and back. This fellow intended to disengage his stick and throw it overboard. The student would then have to land the plane or, if the treatment failed—bail out. Of course, not wishing to take too much of a chance, the instructor planned to hide an extra stick in his cockpit—just in case."

The Colonel got out his cigarettes

and offered them around. Tayloe took one and accepted the Colonel's light. Matthewson refused with a gesture and resumed his vigil at the window. He didn't offer me one. All of them seemed to have forgotten I was there.

"Everybody at the field was there to watch it. They got up there and the instructor gave a few hand signals to get the boy warmed up. Then he leaned down, disengaged his stick, threw it over the side and gave the signal to land. Then he turned around to see how the youngster was taking it.

"Well, he had failed to consider one thing. Those boys were taught to follow every movement an instructor made, no matter what. So he really shouldn't have been surprised when the student leaned down, disengaged his stick and tossed it out. Of course, he grabbed for the extra stick he brought along and he was really surprised when he found it wasn't there. The shock must have rattled him because he bailed out without waiting for his student. That was bad."

I STARTED to laugh and caught myself. No one else seemed to think it was funny. Matthewson had turned around and was looking steadily at the Colonel.

"This story never would have been told if that student hadn't been a very exceptional young man. You see, someone had tipped him off. So he took the instructor's extra stick and put it in his own cockpit. Be-

lieve it or not, all by himself, he brought that plane down in as pretty a three-point landing as you'd ever hope to see."

No one said anything. The Colonel made a cathedral of his hands and devoted all his interest to placing his fingers precisely tip to tip. Young Tayloe cleared his throat twice before he spoke.

"Sir, I'd like to ask a favor."

"Go right ahead."

"I'd like to solo. Now. Right away—as soon as I can get a ship ready, sir."

"Humm, the Colonel said. "That's entirely up to your instructor, you know." He looked at Matthewson, waiting for him to say something.

Matthewson's eyes went from one to the other. I could see the spot he was in. I wondered what I would do in his place. Suddenly he grinned.

"Sure," he said. "Go ahead. What do I care if you break your neck. It's no skin off my nose."

It took Tayloe a second, but he did it. He grinned back at Matthewson before he headed for the door. Matthewson followed him, and I got up too. I figured that maybe I could slip out unnoticed. I was right behind him when he stopped and turned, so I stumbled all over him. He complicated my exit a bit, but I managed it all right, finally.

Behind me Matthewson said to the Colonel, "Texas boy, aren't you?"

I could hear him chuckling all the way down the hall.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 7)

meal in which the properly prepared coconut played a part and at which she drank milk pressed from the white meat of the nut, but it turned out to be a purge that "got rid of the shredded coconut craving for all time".

She was also eager to find out what a "betel nut jag" was like; in the South Seas all natives chew betel nut. She followed instructions and placed a leaf in her mouth, then a betel quid about the size of a golf ball and then sprinkled lime made from ground coral rock on it. Her mouth began to foam as if she had used peroxide of hydrogen, her gums began to bleed and her mouth felt as if she had swallowed raw alcohol. It ached for twenty-four hours and she could not taste her food. "If the experiment decided anything it was that the habitual betel nut chewers must be almost as desperate and hardy as we were during prohibition," says she. (Macmillan, \$3)

FOR the photographers of the Nation, "U. S. Camera, 1943" sets the pace. Edited by T. J. Maloney, with pictures chosen by Lieut. Commander Edward Steichen, U. S. N. R.,

one of America's foremost photographers, it faces the photographer's task seriously. The day is over when amateurs eager to show what they could do with their fine cameras tried to get freakish subjects and peculiar "angle shots", for in this issue there is an earnest attempt to describe Americans in pictures—soldiers at the front, workers in the industries, men and women and landscapes that have some meaning for national unity. Mr. Maloney believes that the photograph is probably the foremost "message media", today, placing it ahead of words—but in that I cannot agree. The pictures of impenetrable forests and fields of waving wheat in this book gain much by the words that Carl Sandburg has written for them. But if pictures can speak, if they can convey messages, these photographs are well qualified for their task. Even those without human life in them, such as the picture of a glacier, convey information. Two highly dramatic pictures need to be mentioned: one shows the last minutes of the U. S. S. *Lexington*, with men leaping off its decks into the sea; the other shows a woman who has just jumped from the window of a hotel and is caught

by the camera at about the third story in her descent. Duell, Sloan & Pearce publish this admirable book.

A thin volume called "Sports Photography", by Lee Wulff, is filled with valuable advice on photographing sports events, including games and contests, speed scenes, such as in skiing, and hunting and fishing pictures. Camera equipment is described also. (A. S. Barnes & Co., \$2.50)

FOR those interested in sports and the outdoor life some excellent new books have appeared. William F. Brown, editor of the *American Field*, has some fine advice to give on "How to Train Hunting Dogs." This includes pointing dogs, sporting spaniels and non-slip retrievers. Teaching a dog steadiness, how to "whoa", how to come when called, and how to retrieve is fully explained, and many of the lessons will be applicable also to dogs not used for hunting. There are many illustrations from photographs. (A. S. Barnes, \$2.50). "Gun Dogs Afield," by Horace Lytle, with drawings by Lynn Bogue Hunt, is more restricted in theme, but useful and readable. (Putnam, \$5). A book called "New England Grouse Shoot-

ing," by the late William Harden Foster, will be of interest to those who go in for this kind of sport, but at \$8.50 a copy the book is likely to become a museum piece.

THIS may be a little early for trout fishing, but if fishermen are anything like sailors, they probably are delighted to talk about fishing before a fire in the coldest weeks of winter, recalling past exploits and preparing for the future. In their interest I should like to mention "Trout Lore", by Milton Fox Martin, with photographs by Lawrence Madison. Actually this is a book of splendid photographs, and while the fisherman may welcome the explanatory notes, he will mull over the pictures and put himself into them. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$3.75). But "Modern Fly Casting", by John Alden Knight, is definitely a book of instruction, with photographs showing how to handle the rod and line, for both dry-fly and wet-fly casting—actually I have never seen photographs in which the lines were so clearly portrayed. (Scribners, \$2.75). "Pacific Game Fishing," by S. Kip Farrington, Jr., with pictures by Lynn Bogue Hunt, is more ambitious, and covers a lot of territory, with marlin, swordfish, broadbill, wahoo, tuna, bass and salmon the quarry. (Coward McCann, \$5)

THE year 1942 was the year of the war correspondents—the men who saw the fighting. Their books led the field, and it's a fair guess that this will continue as long as our boys are in the battle lines. For that reason novels have seemed less important. No genius wrote a novel in 1942—at least I hope not, for I missed him. There was good reading, and good entertainment, but missing the most popular novel was not as serious as missing the train.

Among the late novels, "Rivers of Glory" by F. van Wyck Mason is written in this author's engaging manner, and describes the exploits and adventures of an American naval lieutenant in the War of Independence. He had to leave off his uniform and sail a ship from New York City, then in British hands, to Jamaica, to get medical supplies, and his adventures have to do with pirates and British, in Jamaica and Savannah. Of course there is a lovely and stubborn American miss, with Tory sympathies, crossing his path and complicating matters. Major van Wyck Mason is careful with historical backgrounds and never lets the romance flag. (Lippincott, \$2.75). "The Quiet Lady" by Norman Collins is a story of the time of the Franco-Prussian war. It deals with the fortunes of Anna Karlin, whose French mother is dead and whose German father wants her to marry a fat German baron. She escapes them to France and falls in love with her cousin, but when he is killed in the war her fortunes run downhill, and numerous men cross her path. Many of the things that happen to her be-

long to the romantic novel of the past, and in her efforts to make her way in adversity she reminds us of the heroine of Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet". (Harper, \$2.50)

TO WHAT extent the American people are ready to study the wisdom of the East is not clear to me. "The Wisdom of China and India", an anthology of writings supervised by Lin Yutang, is a handsome volume; reading it will be most instructive and profitable. But will the readers of this country, interested tremendously in reports from the fields of battle, concerned with the political and economic questions of their own times, turn to it these wintry evenings to read the sayings of Laotse, the Buddhist Parables, Sir Edwin Arnold's long poem, "The Light of Asia", a discussion on "What is Nirvana?" the aphorisms of Confucius and the Surangama Sutra? Brother, I doubt it.

But no doubt we will dip into it and thank Dr. Lin for his learned comment on these classical writings, for he has not merely tossed a great sheaf of papers at our heads; he has introduced them, knowing what our western world must comprehend before we can place ourselves in the position of Chinese and East Indians. Some of the work is new to English; Dr. Lin has translated "Six Chapters of a Floating Life" by Shen Fu, saying that the heroine, Yun, "is one of the loveliest women in Chinese literature". The writings of Li Po have been translated by Witter Bynner. Several epigrams by Lusin, translated by Lin Yutang, seem to throw light on the character of the Chinese people:

"Chinese people love to compromise. If you say to them, 'This room is too dark, we must have a window made,' they will all oppose you. But if you say, 'Let's take off the roof,' they will compromise with you and say, 'Let's have a window.' . . . Who says that the Chinese do not change? When new things are introduced, they want to reject them, but when they begin to see that there is something in them, they begin to change. But they do not change by adapting themselves to the new things, but by adapting the new things to themselves."

This book of 1100 pages is published by Random House, at \$3.95.

THIS may be an odd time to bring up a book published months ago in 1942, and intended for readers "from the age of 14 up", but "War Horse", by Fairfax Downey, is such a good book, so well worth reading, that both the time and the age limit can be disregarded. Moreover Paul Brown had drawn some superb pencil sketches of the horse to embellish the book. Lots of books originally intended for young readers have found popularity with older ones, and "War Horse" may well be added to the list. It is the story of the mare Barbara, who was picked up at a remount depot in Kansas City in

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1917 and carefully protected by the stable sergeant, Quinn, of a battery of field artillery. The story of Barbara, the sergeant, Lieut. Brent, Private Jim Thomas, who had "gentled" Barbara, presumably for himself, is bound to be popular with readers who love horses and humor. Downey, who served in horse-drawn organizations in the first World War, knows the ways of horses and frequently has contributed to this magazine. He is once more in the United States Army. (Dodd, Mead, \$2)

EDMUND GILLIGAN, who gained many enthusiastic readers when his first novel, "Boundary Against Night" appeared a few years ago, has just combined his knowledge of Gloucester fishermen with a war exploit in his new story, "The Gaunt Woman."

This is the tale of a German submarine encountered by the fishing fleets of the Grand Banks, and since Gilligan knows not only how to write a thriller but how to use his words to advantage, it is bet-

ter than the average tale of the sea.

Gilligan comes honestly by his knowledge of the ways of the fishermen. His parents were Irish emigrants and he lived as a boy in Gloucester, Mass. During the first World War he served as quartermaster on a submarine chaser in the very waters where his present story takes place. Better equipment a novelist could hardly have for such a story as he has chosen to write. (Scribners, \$2.50)

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 13)

ful of lime water should be added to every $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of milk. If the youngsters show any signs of digestive disorder, here's a good mix to use—boiled water 4 parts, lime water 1 part and sweetened condensed milk 1 part.

After the puppies learn to drink, begin to wean them by taking the mother away from them every so often and after three or four days keep her away entirely except at night and for a short period in the morning. Don't remove the mother for keeps too suddenly otherwise she may run into trouble through breast inflammation due to congestion.

This of all times is a period to observe cleanliness. All drinking dishes should be thoroughly scoured and soiled bedding promptly destroyed. In my article of last month dealing with the whelping, I advised that the best bedding is a pad of newspapers.

As the pups grow older see that they always have fresh, clean drinking water available. Both drinking and eating dishes should be the kind that are not easily upset. Except on the coldest days the youngsters will be the better off for all the fresh air they can get. This goes for sunshine too.

Watch them and note if any among them become "mopey" or unusually listless. This may indicate an approaching attack of canine heebie jeebies and such pups should be removed from their more active brothers and sisters immediately.

When the first teeth begin to show "which should be in about four or five weeks", the babies can be promoted to a diet of solid food. This can be croutons of bread in a broth or similar soup supplemented by scrapings of raw, fresh beef. In about six weeks all the "milk" teeth will have made their appearance. This is a critical time for the puppy. Just as with the human baby, the teething period for Mrs. Fido's youngster is a trying time. Often it results in folded-over ears for those breeds whose ears should be upright. But this, as a rule, doesn't last; the ears again become erect.

It has always been a mystery to me as to what becomes of puppy teeth. I've never found any around the kennel or in my house if the pups were brought up indoors. Whether they are swallowed or not, I still don't know. But at any rate, you can help the youngsters during this teething period by keeping a sharp eye on the teeth and removing any that are unduly loose. At this time, too, the pup's gums are likely to become painfully inflamed but there isn't much you can do about this. The young one may go off its feed for a few days but this is no cause for alarm unless the starvation period lasts for more than four or five days.

For some strange reason—strange because the big fellows mature later than do the small breeds—the larger breeds of dogs usually cut their

teeth sooner than do the smaller varieties. And equally strange is the fact that most dogs shed their milk teeth quicker in summer than they do in winter.

Up to two years old, the teeth are a fair index to a dog's age but after that it's anybody's guess.

I mentioned this previously but I'm going to repeat it—and that is the matter of being sure that the puppies' quarters are dry and draftless. A chilled pup too often means a dead dog.

NOW to get back to the feeding program; but first let me advise against allowing pups to gorge themselves. They should be fed frequently but in small amounts. Appetites should be kept sharp to the point where the pup always cleans his or her platter. Another thing—don't have one general feeding trough because there is sure to be one youngster, more aggressive than the rest, who will crowd out the others. It's best to use individual feeding dishes. I've found small, tin pie-plates, the kind you can buy in any five-and-dime store, to be best. It is good, too, to keep the feeding places fairly well separated. For some reason or other, the pups like to swap dishes—that is, when one has finished his or her plate, he or she will mosey over to the other's dish. Perhaps the idea is that the other pup has overlooked a tidbit or two. As the puppies grow older, substitute hamburgered beef for the beef scrapings and still later feed the beef in chunks or use one of the better-known advertised dog foods. If and when you feed chopped meat don't permit your butcher to chop it. Store-chopped meat may contain too much fat although a little fat added to the dog's diet is not at all harmful. As a matter of fact, a bit of fat helps the skin and coat.

While the pups are still growing it is good to add one to one-half teaspoonfuls of cod-liver oil to the menu, but be sure this contains the essential vitamins A and D. When storing the oil keep it in a dark, cool place; too much light devitalizes it.

See too that the pups have a large bone or two—the kind that they cannot crack. Gnawing these helps them through the teething period and besides is an aid to keeping teeth



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of The Elks Magazine. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.

clean and gums firm and healthy. A hard rubber ball (if you can get it) should also be provided. Just as do children, puppies enjoy play-things.

If you are rearing the little strangers in your home it is particularly necessary that they have a toy or two, otherwise they will chew the nearest things handy to them. These usually are your most valued furniture, rugs, drapes, etc. If among the litter there are persistent offenders, there is a powder you can buy that is sure to keep them away from places that you put out of bounds for them. It is colorless, odorless and for some reason or other is highly disagreeable to dogs, both young and old.

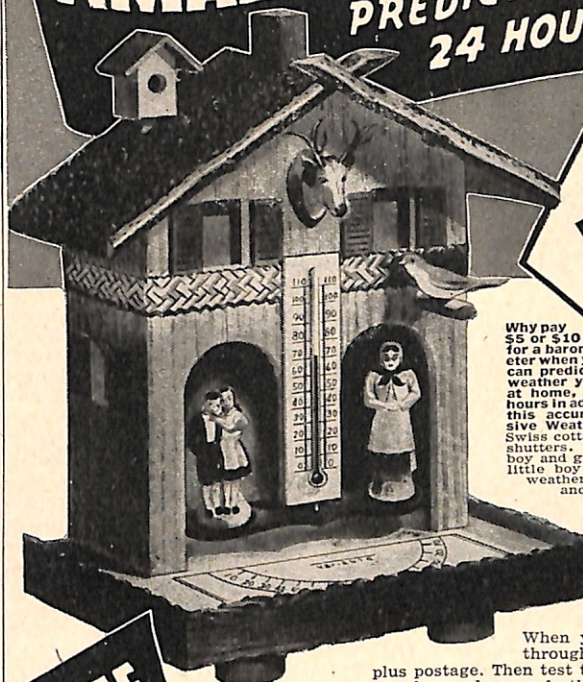
Unfortunately, most puppies are sold or given away when they are too young—that is, most, other than those raised by a reputable kennel. Seven weeks should be the minimum age to farm out a pup. For my own dogs I've always preferred to keep them until they were three months old.

Frequently puppies are born which are afflicted with worms infected through the mother, which explains why Mrs. Fido should be wormed about three weeks after she has been mated. The pups should be closely observed and if such parasites are noted the youngsters should get their worming medicine when about six weeks old. But be sure to use a reputable medicine and one designed only for puppies. You see, such preparations themselves cause a disturbance in the dog's system and a medicine made for an adult dog is entirely too strong for the younger members of the family.

HOUSEBREAKING, if the puppies are being raised in their master's home, presents a major problem but one that is not insurmountable. For some days after they are whelped, the mother will dispose of the youngsters' feces by eating them. No, this is not morbid appetite nor disgusting. After all, the dog is an animal and it is held by authorities that such behavior on the mother's part is not only natural but to a large extent essential in that it provides certain minerals and chemicals that she can get in no other way. These are believed to be necessary for her during the lactation or nursing period. Now to hand-rear the pups, as I have pointed out many times in these columns, it will be necessary first to give them a course of "paper-breaking". This is done by spreading a few sheets of newspaper in one of your least-used rooms. When the young man or lady is caught committing a crime, he or she should be promptly put on the papers and scolded at the same time. The dog should be kept on the papers until it does what it originally intended doing. In time, the normal puppy will get the idea. All pups and grown dogs, too, should have a chance to exercise outdoors ten to fifteen minutes after each meal.

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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the April issue should reach us by February 15th.

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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 34)

delivered an inspiring address, after which the deed to the lodge home was presented to E.R. Harold L. Stanton by Earle W. Stone, President of the Binghamton Savings Bank.

Several officers of the New York State Elks Association were present. Among those who spoke briefly were President Harry R. Darling, of Rochester Lodge, Treasurer John T. Osowski, Elmira, and Vice-President Harold B. Rood, Cortland. Also in attendance were P.E.R. Fred A. Walker, of Corning Lodge, District Deputy for New York, South Central, and Past State Presidents Francis H. Marx, Oneonta, D. Curtis Gano, Rochester, and John T. Gorman, Owego. In the meantime, 100 wives of members enjoyed a separate dinner with entertainment in the main dining room. Music was furnished for dancing later in the evening.

On Tuesday, November 10, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, received the Grand Exalted Ruler at a large meeting. Mr. Sullivan delivered a fine address. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge James T. Hallinan, of No. 878, was also a speaker. Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96, was host to the Grand Exalted Ruler at a banquet the next evening. While in Rome, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan were guests of P.E.R. James A. Spargo.

On Thursday, November 12, Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, gave a noon luncheon in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor, attended by a large representation of the membership. In addition, Judges of the New York Bench, who were at that time holding sessions in Rochester, were present. That afternoon, accompanied by Harry R. Darling, P.E.R. of No. 24 and President of the N. Y. State Elks Association, Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan paid brief visits to Batavia, Albion and Medina, N. Y., Lodges. That evening he was the guest of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, at a dinner. E.R. W. I. Kastig presided.

Friday and Saturday, the 13th and 14th, were spent by Mr. Sullivan in conference with Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and members of the Board of Grand Trustees. The meetings were held in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago.

On Sunday, November 22, the Grand Exalted Ruler made a broadcast over

Station WHDH, Boston, on the war activities of the Order. During the afternoon and evening, he was the guest of Melrose Lodge No. 1031, attending the homecoming of P.E.R. Joseph Casey, in his official capacity as District Deputy for Massachusetts, Northeast.

Cleveland, O., Lodge, No. 18, held an initiation on November 27 at which Albert H. Fiebach, Imperial Potentate of the Mystic Shrine, with twenty-five other candidates, was initiated into the Order. The obligation was administered by the Grand Exalted Ruler who, during his stay in the city, was the guest of Exalted Ruler C. Sam Dreyer.

Mr. Sullivan's December visitations began on Tuesday, the 1st. The occasion was the official visit of the District Deputy for Massachusetts, Southeast, Fred H. Connelly, to his home lodge, North Attleboro, Mass., No. 1011. Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151, welcomed and entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler on December 6 and on the following evening. The ritualistic work in the initiation of 205 candidates was performed by Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan at the Monday evening meeting over which E.R. L. J. Kubena presided. P.E.R. William J. Quinlan, District Deputy for Texas, Southeast, was present. Among those initiated was Johnny Rizzo, of the Brooklyn Dodgers, sponsored by Gus Mancuso, of the New York Giants, who is himself a member of No. 151.

On Tuesday, December 8, Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Bowen, wife of Lieutenant Frederick Bowen, stationed at Ellington Field, in Texas, and a candidate for initiation into Houston Lodge, entrained for Dallas, where he was the guest of Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71. That evening a banquet was given by the lodge in his honor, presided over by E.R. John Smart. P.E.R. George W. Loudermilk, Dallas, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, Farley Reasonover, of Denison, Tex., District Deputy for Texas, North, and Edward Vaughan and Ludwig Guckenheimer, members of the Reception Committee, were among those present.

The next day, Mr. Sullivan drove to Fort Worth, Tex., where he was the guest of the local lodge. He was accompanied on the trip by Frank Holaday,

Dallas, Pres. of the Texas State Elks Assn., William H. Mulvoy, Secy. of Dallas Lodge, and Mr. Loudermilk, Mr. Reasonover, Mr. Smart and Mr. Vaughan. Fort Worth Lodge No. 124 gave a dinner in his honor. During the lodge meeting, E.R. F. C. Harkrider and his officers initiated several new members into the Order. En route to Boston, the Grand Exalted Ruler stopped over at St. Louis, Mo., where he paid a brief visit to St. Louis Lodge No. 9.

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, gave a reception on Sunday, December 13, to Thomas J. McCaffrey, District Deputy for Massachusetts, Central, when he made his home visitation. The meeting, which brought together more than 400 Elks from the various lodges of the District, was attended by the Grand Exalted Ruler and by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge.

An important initiatory meeting was held by Boston Lodge No. 10 on Wednesday evening, December 16. The 25 members of its "Fight for Freedom" Class were initiated by Mr. Sullivan, who acted as Exalted Ruler, assisted in the ceremony by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley as Esteemed Leading Knight, Past District Deputy Harold J. Field, Brookline, Esteemed Loyal Knight, and P.E.R. James F. Cavanagh, Everett, Esteemed Lecturing Knight. John Delaney, Northampton, acted as Esquire, John F. Burke, Boston, Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., as Chaplain, and John J. Ward, Medford, as Secretary. Lieutenant Marcus H. Sullivan, a son of the Grand Exalted Ruler, was a member of the Class.

On the following Sunday, at Somerville, Mass., Lodge, No. 917, officers and members of the lodges of the Massachusetts, Central, District gave a reception and luncheon for the Grand Exalted Ruler and also honored Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley who attended. Another fine reception was given Mr. Sullivan in December when Northampton, Mass., Lodge, No. 997, entertained him and members of his party. The Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, Grand Esquire Thomas J. Brady, Brookline, and Mr. Burke, who is also Mr. Sullivan's official executive secretary.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

Bissell then called on No. 1's senior Past Exalted Ruler, William T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, whose response was received with affectionate applause.

After the meeting, the visiting delegations and the members of the Mother Lodge mingled in fraternal companionship. The program was well arranged and the evening delightfully spent.

Ashland, Ky., Lodge Keeps in Touch With Members in Uniform

All of the members of Ashland, Ky., Lodge, No. 350, who are in the U. S. Armed Forces, get their "G" Boxes and in addition their copies of the "G" Box News, a bulletin the lodge has printed

exclusively for them. The holiday edition was a cheery little number, brightly colored and replete with news of lodge activities.

Flying from the front of the Elks' building is a new Service Flag, resplendent with 50 bright stars. A gold star in the center honors the memory of John Stanley, late of the Army Air Force.

Ashland Lodge initiated its "Fight for Freedom" Class on December 2. P.E.R. Harry M. Kobs occupied the Exalted Ruler's chair. Headed by E.R. Paul Campbell, the newly organized Degree Team, splendidly drilled, acted as escort to the candidates. The House Committee served a dutch supper after the ceremonies. Also on the well-filled tables were several kinds of seafood.

Buckhead, Ga., Lodge Contributes Monthly to Local Service Center

Buckhead, Ga., Lodge, No. 1635, ranks first among local organizations contributing to the upkeep of the Buckhead Service Men's Center. Some time ago, the lodge voted to donate \$50 a month toward its maintenance.

P.D.D. J. H. McDevitt, P.E.R. of Durango, Colo., Lodge, Is Dead

Past Exalted Ruler John Henry McDevitt, of Durango, Colo., Lodge, No. 507, died on November 27, 1942, after a year's illness. Mr. McDevitt served as District Deputy for Colorado, West, in 1932-33. At the time of his death, he was Chair-

man of the Colorado State Civil Service Commission.

Mr. McDevitt was born in Silverton, Colo., in 1884, but spent the greater part of his life in Durango. He served as Postmaster during the Harding, Coolidge and Hoover administrations, was a State political figure and for many years was publisher of the *Durango Daily Herald-Democrat*. As an Elk, Mr. McDevitt was widely known and exceedingly popular. His loss is especially felt by his own lodge which he served faithfully throughout the long period of his membership.

Ashland, Pa., Lodge Holds a Mortgage-Burning Celebration

In high spirits, due to the fact that they had paid off the full indebtedness on their home in the amount of \$61,929.59, members of Ashland, Pa., Lodge, No. 384, assembled in their beautiful building on November 11 to celebrate a long-anticipated event, the burning of the mortgage. The lodge left nothing undone and spared no expense in planning what was the greatest event in its 45-year history, but in a speech made early in the evening by Toastmaster C. W. Staudenmeier, the announcement was made that as long as the war lasts, all profits realized on the use of the home and its facilities would be converted into War Bonds and Stamps.

Four hundred members and their ladies were present for the festivities which were highlighted by the mortgage-burning ceremonies, held in the beautifully decorated lodge hall. George Pepper, Sr., honored with the privilege of burning the mortgage, ignited the document with a match more than eight inches long which P.E.R. Gust Rietzen had saved for years for just that purpose. The meeting was then turned over to Harry Betz, Treasurer of the Home Association, who presented Mr. Staudenmeier with a handsome brief case as a token of the lodge's appreciation of his many valuable services, not the least of which were drawing up the lodge by-laws and floating the home bond issues. Appreciation of the fine work performed by George V. Thomas who, at the time the purchase and remodeling of the building were undertaken served as trustee and guarantor to the mortgagees, was expressed by Mr. Staudenmeier.

A banquet, a floor show and a dance were features of the celebration. Each Past Exalted Ruler, as he entered the banquet room, was presented with a gift, the special emblem of his office. At the beginning of the elaborate program, special tribute was paid those who are serving in the Nation's Armed Forces. Among them are many members of No. 384. The lodge sends a carton of cigarettes to each of them every month and maintains their memberships.

News Reported Recently by Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge

Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, No. 461, initiated the 15 members of its "Fight for Freedom" Class at a well attended meeting. Among the candidates were Major Lee R. Crawford and Lieutenant Rex E. Cox, of Kirtland Field, Army Air Base, who was initiated for Fort Collins, Colo., Lodge, No. 804. The ritualistic ceremonies were preceded by an elaborate dinner at which the candidates were guests. Two hundred and fifty members attended a dinner served in the spacious lounge of the lodge home.

In the recent death of Louis J. Benjamin, No. 461 suffered the loss of a former officer. Mr. Benjamin, who passed

away at the age of sixty, served as secretary from 1929 until 1933. He had been a member of the Order for nearly 40 years.

Newsboys of Great Falls, Mont., Are Entertained by Local Elks

Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, No. 214, entertained the newsboys of the city on November 18. Ninety guests were present. An excellent turkey dinner was served in the banquet room of the lodge home. A hillbilly orchestra played during the dinner after which an entertainment program was presented in the lodge room. Selections by the orchestra from the Seventh Ferrying Command were especially enjoyed. Feats of magic, expertly performed by William Haney, were received with hearty applause.

P.E.R. James D. Lenihan, Chairman of the Committee in charge, P.E.R. William I. Hathorn, and Howard H. Heenan and Frank A. Hubbard, members of the House Committee, together with the officers of the lodge, were hosts for the evening. The boys expressed their appreciation and were delighted when told that the affair would be made an annual event.

For many years the late Dr. W. H. Barth entertained the newsboys annually. After his death, the lodge decided to continue the pleasant practice. A special interest is taken by both Mr. Lenihan and Mr. Hathorn, both of whom were at one time newsboys themselves. Mr. Lenihan was one of the first Tribune carriers in the city.

On December 3, the local lodge initiated a "Fight for Freedom" Class of 18 candidates. It has paid its membership quota to the Elks War Commission and has turned over the facilities of the lodge home to members of the Order in the Air Service Command stationed at Great Falls. Recreation features and entertainment are also provided.

An Elk in the Navy Gives "A Roaring Vote" to No. 2

Brought to our attention recently is a letter received by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, showing the appreciative reaction of an Elk in the Service to the warm welcome given him when, as a visiting member of the Order, he attended a social function at the lodge home. Guests were present from various parts of the United States and from England, Canada and Scotland. The writer, B. E. Stewart, is a member of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, No. 339. He has had more than 30 years of service in the U. S. Navy. He was with the Fleet for three years under "Fighting Bob" Evans, making the round-the-world trip while serving on the *Flagship Connecticut*.

Believing that the sentiments expressed will interest other lodges and inspire them in the good work that all are doing, we are printing excerpts from Mr. Stewart's letter as follows:

"As a visitor representing Lodge No. 339, last Saturday night, Nov. 28, I attended a supper dance in the Grand Ballroom of Philadelphia Lodge No. 2.

"I have never seen anything like this affair—so many smiles—such good fellowship.

"Our Navy, Army and Marine Corps were out in full force. I can earnestly say that I've never had a better time or been to a better staged affair.

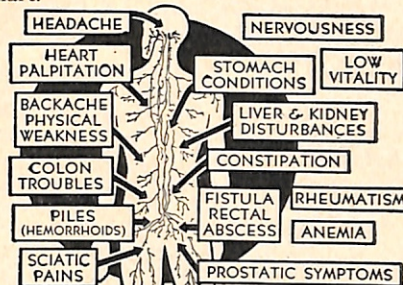
"A roaring vote to Lodge No. 2.

B. E. Stewart C.W.T.
N. A. F. Flight Office
Navy Yard
Philadelphia, Pa."

GOOD NEWS

For Piles - Colon Sufferers

Learn facts about Rectal and Colon troubles; also associated ailments as indicated in the chart.



You may now have a copy of a new 122-page book by asking for it with a postcard or letter. No obligation so write today. The McCleary Clinic, C1401 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Don't Wreck Your Future!



Protects You Against
**SICKNESS-ACCIDENT
HOSPITALIZATION**

How easily your plans for the future can become shattered—possibly gone forever! Should misfortune strike, be prepared! New 3 in 1 insurance policy gives you TRIPLE protection—(1) Sickness (2) Accident (3) Hospitalization. The old, reliable George Rogers Clark Casualty Company offers you this new kind of policy—even covers common sicknesses and ordinary accidents. Benefits are paid from the FIRST DAY. It provides \$5000.00 accumulated cash benefits for accidental death. Pays up to \$150.00 monthly for accident disability, \$100.00 a month for sickness disability, \$7.50 each day for Hospital expenses. Other liberal benefits—all for only \$1.00 a month. No agents—no red tape—no medical examination. Write today! **GEORGE ROGERS CLARK CASUALTY CO.** Dept. B-20 • Rockford, Ill.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

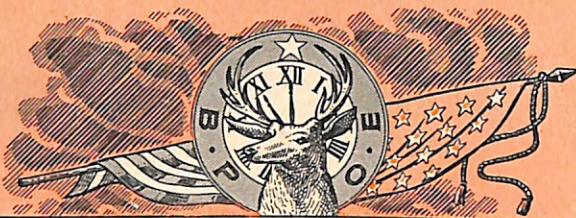


RHEUMATISM

ARTHRITIS - NEURITIS - SCIATICA

Why continue to suffer the agonizing pains of these diseases when the usual remedies have failed. Learn about a new, trustworthy, modern, non-surgical treatment method. This marvelous treatment is completely explained in Dr. Ball's new FREE Book. Write today. No obligation.

BALL CLINIC, Dept. 7100 Excelsior Springs, Mo.



ELKS FRATERNAL CENTER



Behind the scenes at Tampa's Elks Fraternal Center. Members and their wives prepare the "way to a soldier's heart . . ."



Tampa, Florida, Lodge, No. 708, plays host to hundreds of Elks and their buddies each week. Here's part of the crowd at a recent Elks Fraternal Center party and dance.

DID YOU KNOW?

60 Elks Fraternal Centers—from Coast-to-Coast, from Canada to the Gulf—offer traditional Elk hospitality to Elks and their buddies in uniform!

More than 125,000 men in uniform are entertained each month in these Centers—some, no doubt, members of your lodge!

Thousands of soft drinks, huge quantities of coffee,

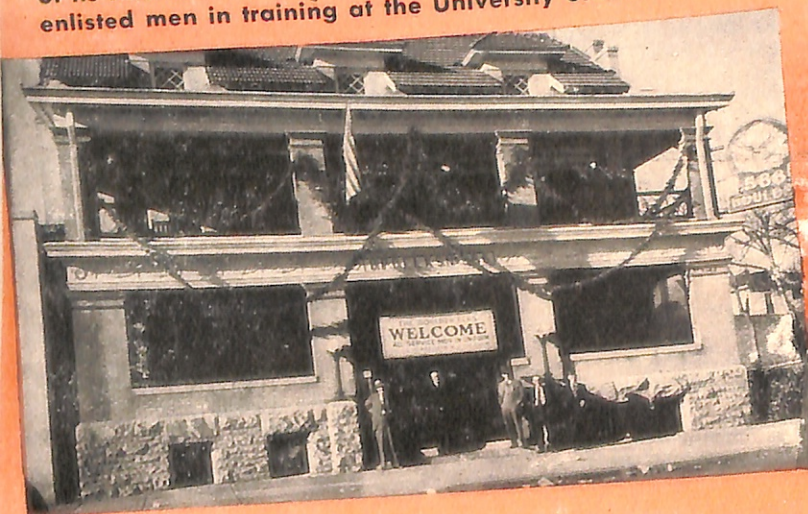
milk and food are given—without charge—to our own members in the service and to their friends!

Showers, game rooms, gymnasiums, bowling alleys, swimming pools, billiards—these and many other club facilities bring Elkdom's good fellowship to our members away from home!

Thousands of letters each month—written on special Elks Fraternal Center stationery—carry the story of Elkdom's hospitality to every part of America!

Elks Fraternal Centers constitute a constant reminder that "An Elk is Never Forgotten"!

Boulder, Colorado, Lodge, No. 566, offers the facilities of its fine home to all service men, many of whom are enlisted men in training at the University of Colorado.



Boulder's Lodge Hall is the setting for a gala Elks Fraternal Center dance—one of the many entertainment features provided here.





House Warming, 1943

America makes the best of everything!

"Getting the stove was Grandpa's idea. Serving my guests with America's Best — Schenley Royal Reserve — is my idea. Resourcefulness and hospitality are America's ideas."

Buy War Bonds Regularly



Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City



Crash helmet, coveralls, Camels — they're "standard equipment" with this tank driver. That's a General behind him—a "General Lee."



Ski champion, U. S. Army model 1943. His cigarette is a flavor champion of many years' standing — Camel — the Army man's favorite.



"Tell it to the Marines!" And this Marine paratrooper, with his parachute pack, will tell you the favorite pack with Marines is Camel.



Dolphins on this sailor's right sleeve mean undersea service. "Pigboat" is his word for submarine—"Camel" for his favorite smoke.

Standard Equipment

IN THE ARMY
IN THE NAVY
IN THE MARINES
IN THE COAST
GUARD

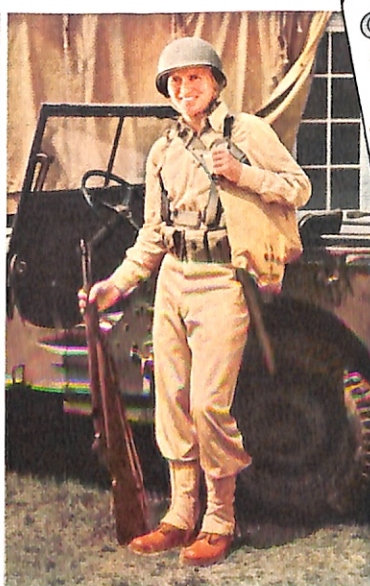
Camel

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is CAMEL. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)



On the right sleeve of these men, above, there's a small white shield. That means Coast Guard. And with men in the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.



Take a jouncing Jeep, a Johnny Doughboy — an "I'd walk a mile" grin — add 'em all up and you get CAMEL — the fighting man's favorite.



On land—on sea—yes, and in the air, too, the favorite is Camel. As this high-altitude Army bomber pilot says: "Camels suit me to a 'T'!"



*The "T-Zone"
where cigarettes
are judged*

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina